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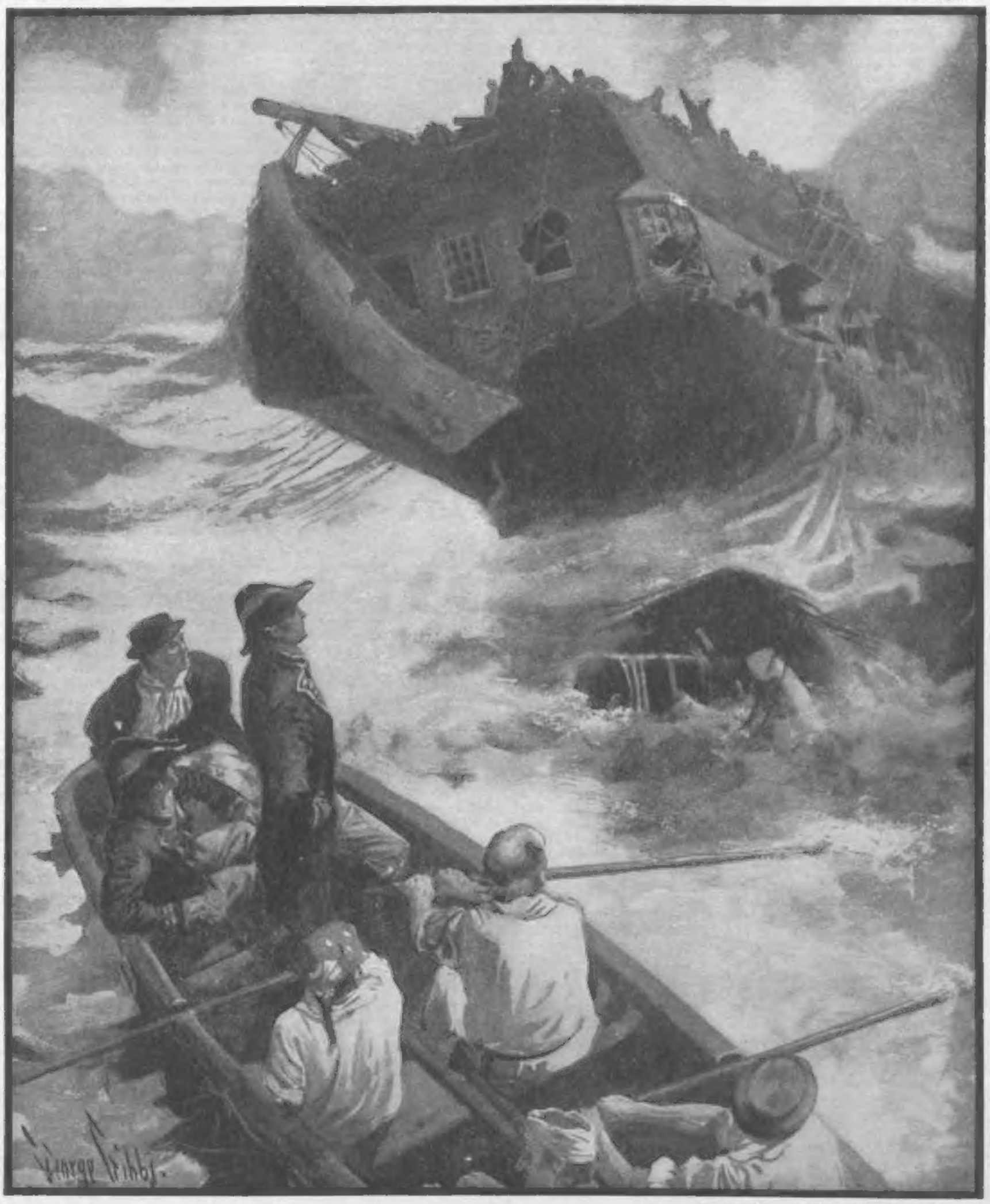

See Page 272

FOR THE FREEDOM OF THE SEA

Some Women I Have Known*

By MAARTEN MAARTENS

OURS is a numerous family. That is to say, of course, in the strictest sense there is no one besides my sister and myself—I know of no other Martenses—but we seem to have cousins sprinkled all over our little world of Holland. Moreover, there are all my mother's French relations, whom I have known intimately from a child, and the South Bavarian branch of her family, distant in all three senses of the word, and—no, I fancy our cosmopolitanism ends there.

Unless I include "our Cousin Sonia."

Every family, like every dwelling-house and every human personality, has a black sheep. Among our kindred Harry Brassy has long been the notorious black sheep. It was not always so. I remember how, in my own youth, little Harry was an affectionate object of interest to everybody. Old Karel Brassy—he was my mother's cousin, but considerably her senior—had, long before my time, lived all his lazy life the egoistic existence of a man of the world. He spent a good deal of money, but was somehow accredited with possessing more, the undefined inheritance of a stingy, silent father.

Late in life, close on seventy, old Karel married a wife of thirty, with, it was reported, some thirty thousand pounds. But that may have been epigrammatic. They lived at The Hague in excellent style, and all the relations were much interested in their doings and in the development of that tender bud, their dear little, spoiled little Harry.

Old Karel lived to be more than eighty. His death made no palpable change in the circumstances of his wife and child. Mevrouw Brassy continued to reside at The Hague, where she kept open house in a dignified manner; Harry passed from a private academy to the grammar school, and thence to Leyden University. Everybody liked the handsome widow and her bright, distinguished-looking son. The latter had many friends in Leyden in the best set; he was generous and open-handed; you never heard anything against him. I remember only too well how frequently Harry Brassy was held up to me as an example, because he was so pleasant spoken and friendly, and never saw anybody's faults. I did. Even my own. Alas, alas! Even my own.

When Harry had taken his degree and left the university (with a splendid farewell feast) his mother sent for him. He told me all this himself. He was then twenty-five, and a capital specimen of the wealthy, well-born young Dutch university man.

He walked into her sitting-room one dull November morning and said: "Well, mother, here I am."

"Harry," replied the lady, smiling at him, "you must marry a large fortune within six months, please."

"Not within six months," he answered, laughing. "Father wasn't in such a hurry. He waited until he found you."

"He could choose, and you can't," she retorted, still smiling. "Within six months, or we shall both be sold up!"

"What do you mean?" He turned pale.

"Sold up; I haven't got any money left. Heaven knows, I made it last long enough, considering how little it was to begin with!"

"Little! I always thought we were rich!"

"So does every one else, thank Heaven!"

He sat down and stared at her. "Do you mean to say that I am penniless?"

"Penniless! What a ridiculous expression! Like beggars with a baby. 'I—am penniless.' Of course we are not penniless. But we are bankrupt."

"But my money—the money father left me?"

She made a rapid movement with both hands like the upfluttering of birds.

"Gone!" she said. "Spent! You have spent it."

"Mother, you should have told me sooner. You have done wrong."

She burst into tears. "Wrong!" she cried. "My own child to tell me I have done wrong! Oh, the ugly, cruel word! Wrong! Do you know what I have done, unjust, ungrateful boy? My solemn duty to your dead father and you. I promised him upon his death-bed," she sobbed, "to go on as he'd been doing, and to make the money last till you could get some yourself. It's been a dreadful, dreadful strain. Many a time have I been obliged to go without a bonnet or a cloak!"

"A new one?" he suggested, smiling in his turn. "Never, surely, before you'd bought enough?"

She dried her tears. "A woman never has bought enough," she said; "not even when she buys too much." And then she laughed. "But we've really managed excellently," she said. "Now you will marry a wealthy wife, and we shall manage as well as ever."

"And supposing I don't?" He kicked moodily at a table leg.

"That would be very naughty of you, Harry. Very naughty and wilful. Then your poor, longsuffering mammy would have to go to the workhouse, and all her pretty things would be sold to a horrid crowd by a horrid auctioneer! Dear me, if you don't intend to marry money, you must please stop spoiling that table at once!" She screamed with laughter at this idea, and her son joined in. Soon they were heartily enjoying themselves, tears of merriment in their light-blue eyes, as they worked out a comic picture of a public sale of their effects, speculating as to the value of all that was most old and rubbishy.

Thus Harry learned that he was poor.

The fact had little influence upon his way of living. He went out that same afternoon, after lunch, to buy a bouquet for the evening's ball, a bouquet for a young cousin just coming out. On the way home he dropped one of his gloves, and, letting it lie, called at the haberdasher's to order a dozen pairs.

For weeks matters went on tranquilly; neither mother nor son alluded to or reflected on the tiresome subject of finance. But Mevrouw Brassy reverted the more energetically to matrimony as a practical pursuit.

"My dear mother," said Harry mildly and firmly, laying a hand on her arm, "I will do anything and everything you like for you. But I won't marry a woman I'm not in love with."

"Oh, Harry!" She sat thinking for a few moments; then she said solemnly: "In that case nothing remains for me but to become seriously ill."

"Whatever do you mean, mother?"

"I cannot stay at The Hague. I must need immediate change of air. My doctor recommends Montreux."

"Well, The Hague's a dull place at the best. I really can't help it, mother."

Mevrouw Brassy coughed.

"You don't do it very naturally," said her son.

"I must practice. Yes, I shall close the house. I must go to Montreux. You can take me."

She coughed, with daily improvement of tone, through the next few days; then, having been advised to get rid, by a change, of this chronic bronchial affection, she departed for the Lake of Geneva, and stopped coughing in the train.

Harry, who had never traveled otherwise than in the midsummer holidays, found the Grand Hotel des Rastaquouères very much to his taste. It is one of those huge, delightful menageries where you meet with the gayest of birds—aye, with the biggest beasts. Harry blossomed out in glories unknown amid the tulip-beds of his native land. He walked with foreign counts and barons, and talked of the doings of their respective princes and kings.

"You must marry here," said his mother.

"All right. There's no hurry."

"Indeed there is. People at home are beginning to ask questions. It's your bills."

"Oh, no one minds a young man's bills!"

"True; but they say, 'He's of age, and so must have come into his father's money.'"

"Oh, never mind! Don't let's bother. There's a capital program to-night. I wonder will that exquisite Roumanian girl be there?"

"I think I heard her say she was going. But, really, 'tis of no consequence."

However, it was. For the Roumanian girl brought a Russian friend, and the next thing we heard was that Harry "de" Brassy had married an enormously rich, wealthy young lady—a Russian, Sonia Pavlovich.

The "de" was his mother's doing. You really could not get on without it, she said, at the Grand Hotel des Rastaquouères.

It was all done in such a great hurry and secrecy, because Sonia had a rich uncle and godfather who would never consent to her marrying a Protestant, but would have to make the best of a *fait accompli*.

The next thing we heard was that the uncle refused to be reconciled. The next thing (much later) that he never had existed at all.

Harry troubled himself about none of these things. For a long time he was fully occupied buying the most beautiful presents for his bride. He ran across to Paris to buy a diamond tiara. Incidentally, he answered Sonia one day that his title was "vicomte"—it was said in fun, there being no such rank of nobility in Holland—but their conversation was suddenly interrupted, and she told a lot of other people, and he found himself compelled to stick to what he had said.

"It does not matter twopence," declared his mother. "In this sort of place everybody pretends to be a great deal more than he is—excepting royalties, who pretend to be less. The high rank dropped by the sovereign may well be divided among some dozens of his subjects."

"How you reason things out!" replied Harry. "I suppose there's some sort of satisfaction in finding a reason for what one does. I never wanted to. I think 'vicomte' rather pretty. I shall have cards made with 'vicomte.'"

"Be cautious," said mamma.

He looked at her, laughing. "Do you mean that?" he said.

She, too, laughed. "Well, no," she replied. "What nonsense! Why shouldn't everybody do just as he likes?"

"It's a good thing you don't mean it. Sonia's cards are ready. I found her sitting on the veranda with the whole hundred, or very nearly, spread out on the table in front of her."

"Sonia means Sophy, doesn't it? And Sophy means wisdom?"

"Yes."

"So much the better for you, my son. On the hotel veranda! Well, shall we go straight on, or turn?"

"Oh, turn to the left. I hate going straight on."

"Now, my dear boy, it is what I like best. One has always to think before turning."

"Oh, no, mother! I naturally drift aside."

"Now you are metaphysical. That is odious."

"Odious? Mother, I don't even know the meaning of the word."

"What—metaphysical?"

"No—odious." He laughed again; never child had a more musical laugh. "When a man is in love and beloved he can remember only pretty words."

A smile rippled over Mevrouw Brassy's comely face. "I wonder," she replied, "what dear Sonia's old uncle will say?"

Dear Sonia's old uncle naturally said very little. But after a time the persistency of his silence began seriously to annoy Mevrouw Brassy, who, immediately after the wedding, had returned and reopened her house in The Hague.

She was bright and cheerful and amusing as ever; people flocked to her receptions, as they had always done, and tradesmen gave her credit as before. All of us heard much about the doings of the young vicomte and vicomtesse, who, at the desire of the bride, had soon migrated to Nice, where their intercourse was duly recorded in the Riviera Gazette.

Much as we all liked Harry and his mother, eager as we had been to contradict as ridiculous any rumors of their possible insolvency, it cannot be denied that the "vicomte" business, when it reached us, came with the unpleasant persistency of a shock. You could not get away from the awkward impression it left that this was the sort of thing respectable people, in Holland at least, do not do. Mevrouw Brassy ignored the whole business; had any one mentioned it to her she would doubtless have laughed and replied that the weather was seasonable. Meanwhile, the young couple led a brilliant and beautiful existence amid roses and diamonds, sunshine and glitter, while most of us envied them at home in the wet and the work.

"But Harry is the sort of man who is bound to succeed!" said all my women folk. And my wife, whose heart is as kind as if she had not brains enough to make it cruel, forbade my writing a funny account of the viscountcy to my cousins in Paris. A pity, for I felt I could have delighted the soul of, say, Lise de Liancourt. And, of course, they all heard it from somebody else.

"Charity covereth a multitude of sins," said my wife gently, as she arranged the blue teacups on the Dutch after-dinner tea-tray. The gusty wind of a shivery February evening beat wet against the window-panes. I had just put on morocco slippers, a thing I never do.

"But that doesn't mean 'hideth,'" I objected.

"Yes it does," replied my wife with decision, for no woman ever doubts her own Bible exegesis.

And no man ever contradicts her.

So, as I sat silently glancing through the pages of the Revue des deux Mondes, there came that important ring at the front door, and, before I had realized possibilities (in connection with those impossible slippers), an unknown lady, very young, very pretty, rather wet, in an enormous, magnificent traveling cloak, stood before us in the middle of the room.

I rose to my feet. "I beg your pardon, madame," I began, "but——"

"Your cousin Sonia," she answered in French. "Don't scold your man."

"Madame Brassy!" exclaimed my wife with her sweet smile of welcome.

"Even thus, Sonia de Brassy," replied our visitor, and, dropping the heavy cloak about her feet, stood revealed—a graceful, girlish figure, in a faultlessly fitting dark tailor-made dress.

"And Harry?" ventured my wife a little timidly. "Where is Harry? Waiting outside?"

The Russian lady sat down on a convenient pile of cushions and burst into distressful tears. "Harry has treated me very cruelly!" she sobbed. "Harry has run away!"

"Run away!" we both exclaimed together.

"Run away!"

"Whither?" cried my wife.

"I don't know. He went suddenly from Paris; he left me a letter I will show you. He told me to come here, and I came. Can you put me up for the night—one night?"

"Of course," said my wife with ready sympathy, and, quicker than I, went to ring the bell.

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"But his mother?" questioned I. "Mevrouw Brassy—does she know?"

"Mamma-in-law? I cannot go to her. She is very angry with me," replied the poor thing, and cried more copiously than ever.

Now it was difficult for me to represent to myself Mevrouw Brassy, whom I knew fairly well—you see, she married my mother's cousin—as very angry with any one, beyond a momentary outburst of passing passion. And I felt that in any case I could certainly never have continued indignant with so pretty and innocent and fluffy-haired a little girl.

"It is my fault," she said when she had calmed down and sat, with her feet on the fender, drinking tea. "Yes, I had better confess at once; it is all my fault. But, then, you see, I loved him so"—her voice broke—"I couldn't bear to think of losing him. And I thought he was very rich, and his mother only wanted more—he said he didn't care—but his mother told me he must marry money, and so I invented my uncle."

"Invented your uncle!" I exclaimed.

"Oh! I know it was very wrong; but see, I have been severely punished"—her long eyelashes fell low on the soft pink cheeks. "Now he has no money, and I have no money—no, we have no money at all!"

"Not what fine people like you call money," suggested my wife with a smile.

Sonia lifted her eyes. "*Pas le son*," she said. Both of us laughed again, one is so unwilling to admit poverty to others.

"And, see, here is his note!" said Sonia. She fumbled in a little reticule at her waist.

The little note, on pink perfumed paper—with a big coronet—read:

> "*Dearest Darling:* I must leave you. Don't cry. I cannot support you for the present. The shopkeepers are so disgustingly uncivil. We must separate. You had better go to my cousins, the Martenses, of whom I have so often told you. They are the kindest and nicest of all my relations. They will be good to you. HARRY."

I smiled on the wrong side of my face, with a mixture of complaisance and irritation.

"A disgraceful letter!" said my wife in Dutch. In French she remarked: "And then he was gone?"

Sonia began crying again, quite gently.

"Yes, he is gone. I know not where."

"Don't cry, I beg of you. Don't cry," I entreated, tortured. "You will stay here for the present, and I dare say he will soon come back." My wife cast me a quick look, very composite, but Sonia sat up and glanced all around the room.

"*Mon cousin*," she said, "those slippers go badly with evening dress." I blushed, furious, yet not ill pleased.

"Do you always say what you think, madame?"

"Always? No. But among cousins. Fie, how stiff! 'Madame!'"

"Let me show you to your room," said my wife, rising.

"Oh, it will wait, will it not? I am so comfortable here. Yet—I should like to see my room—I know you will give me a good one. It is so nice, is it not?—a pretty bedroom, not big and old-fashioned and ugly. I always look for the sunniest room in a hotel."

"I fear we have not the choice of a hotel," replied my wife. "You should have come in the summer, when we are in the country——"

"Ah, that is true! He should have run away in the summer!" cried Sonia. She swept me a big curtsy, and followed the lady of the house.

"She preferred to remain upstairs; she is tired," said my wife on her return.

"You were rather unkind to her," I answered reproachfully.

My wife did not at once retort. Presently she said, over her needlework: "She wanted orange water. I have sent John out for some. And she also wants a cup of tea at half-past ten, or she would not be able to sleep."

"Well, a cup of tea is a very little thing."

"It is." My wife's voice spoke volumes.

"She is exceedingly charming and pretty."

"She is."

"I wonder, is she going to stay?"

"She is."

"Well, that is very nice and pleasant." No answer at all.

"It is," said I, imitating my wife's voice.

My wife looked up, laughing. "Don't say more than you can answer for!"

But I felt annoyed with her; women are too jealous of each other. "I have seldom seen so delightful and simple and elegant a creature," I said.

"Well, I hope that she won't do any harm to the children," said my wife.

"The children will adore her," I answered confidently.

The children did. For, indeed, she was sweet to children; laughing and playing and singing and dancing from morning till night. She asked me to get her some Dutch money—not in exchange for French—only a few hundred florins, she said. And she bought very pretty presents for the children, and also for my wife and myself.

She spoke excellent French with the pretty Russian burr. And soon she became a great favorite in our circle of friends. My wife found her rather heavy, and sometimes rather light. She was incapable of occupying herself in any way, by reading or working; she could only sing at the piano for hours, and that, in spite of her most beautiful voice, often had its objections. Also, she could interest herself, endlessly, in clothes, but not without some one to discuss them. When I saw her (never before lunch, for she breakfasted in her room) she was charming, exquisitely dressed, bright and sparkling, not averse to flirtation. I thoroughly enjoyed her magnificent singing. "Among women she is dull," said my wife.

When she had been with us more than a week I suggested that she should call on her mother-in-law, whom, but for the latter's indisposition (that troublesome cough), she must have met in society. To my astonishment Sonia blazed out at me:

"HARRY HAS TREATED ME VERY CRUELLY!" SHE SOBBED. "HARRY HAS RUN AWAY!"

"Do not speak of her! I refuse to go near her! For shame, *mon cousin!*"

"But still——"

"There is no 'but.' What have I to do with this woman and her son? They have betrayed me! I hate them! I have good reason to hate them. Do you not think"—she looked at me—"that I have reason to hate them both?"

"Hate is such a strong word," I replied evasively.

"Do you think so? It is your Dutch blood says that. To me it is such a weak one. All my life I have wished for some person to invent proper words for the feelings I feel."

"Still, your mother-in-law——"

"It is to her I owe this miserable marriage. See, I am left to shift for myself—I am deserted!" She mastered her tears. "Ah, cousin, your family has much cause to make good to me all the wrong that my husband has done."

"Dear cousin, as long as you are happy here——"

"Happy? How can I be happy when I am destitute? I am like a beggar; I have not the means of subsistence. For these clothes I have been obliged to get, in your elegant world——" I smiled with approval.

"Yes, they are overdressed," said Sonia. "Well, unless I pay the milliners I shall have to go to prison."

"How much money do you want?" I asked rashly.

"Eight hundred florins, *mon cousin*. Ah! thank you; you are a gentleman."

What could I do?

"Your husband does not communicate with you at all?" I said. "You have not written to him?"

"No, indeed, I have not written. Rather would I tear my eyes out. Would your wife—think you—write, *mon cousin*, if you had run away?"

"I suppose not," I said, uncomfortably standing on one leg.

"What, are you preparing, at the mere suggestion, to fly? Oh, you men!" She lifted her pocket handkerchief to her eyes. "Never mind; I, too, am happy in having found so generous a relation."

"Don't tell my wife," was all I could reply.

A week later I certainly began to understand the latter lady's smothered impatience. But the poor little deserted foreigner was so pathetic, so childishly incapable and harmless that we could not find it in us to be otherwise than kind to her. Still, we greeted with a restrained alacrity her vague proposals of departure to stay with some other cousins—first cousins those—whom she had met and much liked at our house.

"You would not," she asked anxiously, "think it unkind of me to go?"

I said yes, I should think it unkind; but Sonia was looking at my wife.

At that moment I was called out of the room, because the postman was waiting to see me. "Here's a letter come back, Mynheer," said the postman in the hall; "a registered letter they couldn't deliver in England. The gentleman had left." I glanced at the envelope he extended. It was addressed to "Henry Brassy, Esq.," at some district post-office in London.

"It was registered by a lady who said she was only passing through," continued the postman; "but they think at the office she's been staying with you, sir."

"She is here still," I replied, admiring for the dozenth time the perfection of our postal arrangements. "I will get this receipt signed for you;" and I went back to Sonia with the letter.

She blushed crimson when she saw it. "Ah, my poor little letter!" she cried. "Cousin, I have followed your advice—I have written! I registered the letter to an address he once gave me in London. See, it has not reached him. My poor little pitiful letter! Well, it was madness to send it—the madness of despair."

"But it wasn't properly addressed," said I, pointing to the superscription.

"Oh, he has told me always to do that. You know how stupid they are in England about foreign addresses. Well, it is no use; he is not there." She gathered up her papers and hurried away.

"He is masquerading in London under a false name," said my wife.

"Not under a false name. Don't be illogical," I replied irritably.

My wife nodded. "That is why the letter has not reached him," she said. "He has changed his name. I always knew that she wrote to him, and now she has sent him money. I hope it wasn't much?" She looked up into my face.

"Not too much," I answered, and made good my escape. When we next saw Sonia, her eyes were red. I felt very sorry for her. Of late they had often been so.

That evening we had some people to dinner. Sonia was beautifully dressed, I thought; my wife said she had not nearly so many new dresses as I imagined, but she possessed an admirable aptitude for draping and combining them, so that to male perceptions, which absorb the *ensemble*, she seemed everlastingly fresh.

After coffee Sonia sang. She sang more superbly than I had ever yet heard her, chiefly love songs, French and German, and some of her own exquisitely passionate Slav music, so unlike ours. I can still feel the tears in her glorious soprano as they seemed to fall, one by one, on my heart.

She bore on, trembling with emotion, to the end. As the last note died away a thrill of pent-up ecstasy ran through the company. A moment later one of the greatest connoisseurs was complaining, almost bitterly, to the performer that circumstances prevented her from becoming a professional.

"It is a loss to the world," he said.

"So I have heard before," replied Sonia naively; "but, of course, people never meant it."

"I mean it."

"A pleasant future you would prepare for her," said another; "a public singer!" The first speaker turned angrily.

"You don't know what you're talking of!" he cried. "You are twenty years behind! Look at Patti, Nilsson, half a dozen others, bathing in millions, fêted by sovereigns."

"Oh, the half dozen!" replied the other, with a shrug.

"Yes, it is that I am afraid of," interrupted Sonia, who had

listened eagerly; "the being second rate. That, as a position, is pitiable!"

The connoisseur looked at her sharply.

"You would be of the first half dozen, madame," he answered. Somebody called me away, but I noticed that these two continued talking together for some time.

"Oh, of course, she sings admirably," said my wife, when all the guests were gone and we stood comparing notes in the empty drawing-room. And then she made some allusion to *chantage*. A pun from her lips is the rarest of pearls; I felt she must be strongly excited.

❧

"Hush!" I said, for the door had creaked and Sonia entered the room, clad in an exquisite white wrapper.

"I cannot sleep," she said, trembling from head to foot. "I want to talk to you both."

I led her to a chair and tried to soothe her, as one might a frightened child.

"I cannot stand it any longer!" she said. "I—I must go back to him!" And, spreading both her hands across her face, she burst into a storm of weeping.

"I love him so!" she sobbed. "I love him so!"

Then my wife went up to her, and, putting both her arms around her neck, kissed her between the curls upon her forehead.

"No, no," continued Sonia, gently putting the comforter aside; "I want to tell you all. You have been good to me. It is a shame. See, it was a plot. When we found we had no money left, he said: 'I will go and make some. A man can always manage. A woman is different. You must go,' he said, 'to my Dutch relations and say I have deserted you. They will take you in, and if you can get some money from them you might send me what you do not want.' That is what we arranged together, and we wrote the letter. See, when you turned me out, I was to have gone to another." Her pretty cheeks were burning. Her sorrow and shame would have melted a stone.

"Old Madame Brassy ought to be ashamed of herself," said my wife, with ready insight.

And suddenly Sonia laughed.

"Yes; I fear," she said, "we have all been very, very naughty. But mamma-in-law is as poor as we. Heaven only knows how she manages to hang on."

"She doesn't even pay her butcher," explained my wife. I looked up, surprised at this bit of information.

❧

"Serves the wicked, expensive butcher right!" said Sonia. "But don't interrupt me, please. For now I have thought of a way to put everything straight. I am so happy! We want lots of money, all of us; we can't do without money, please! I *am going to sing in concerts and*—and on the stage. I shall earn heaps of money—not at once, of course, but some at once, and afterward more. I shall study hard, and learn things properly. I think I can act already—a little." She looked up shyly at me.

"You can," I answered.

"Thanks, *mon cousin*. You were always charming. It will be just the kind of life we shall like, just the kind that will suit us. There will soon be lots of money, I hope, to spend, and to waste, which is almost nicer! And—joy!"—oh, the leap in her voice—"I shall gain money for Harry! He never could earn any for himself, poor boy. And yet he would have married me poor!"

"Where is Harry?" asked my wife severely.

"In London. I think he has had rather a—successful run at cards. I do hope he is having a good time."

"But when I am a prima donna I shall not allow him to play, excepting just for fun."

Sonia rose and walked to the door. "Well, now I have told you all. *Mon cousin*, you must leave me the use of this money. I will repay it. I am going to begin at once; as soon as Harry sends me his new address. I shall write to him to join me in Paris. Is it not a beautiful plan, *mon cousin?*"

"I think it is very wrong," said my wife. "The stage!"

"But you, *mon cousin?*" asked Sonia pleadingly.

"God bless you, child!" said I. She closed the door.

"What did you say to her?" questioned my wife.

"I said, 'God bless you.'"

"Well, well, well! One can always say that."

These things did not happen yesterday. Sonia—her name wasn't Sonia—is a bright operatic star. She and her husband live in reckless luxury all over Europe. In private life he is known as the Vicomte de ——: the name wasn't Brassy.

Editor's Note—This is the second of three stories by Maarten Maartens under the general head, Some Women I Have Known. The first appeared in the Post of June 17.

THE NEW PACIFIC CABLE

By WALDON FAWCETT

THE submarine cable has assumed during the past two years the importance of a vital factor in the national interests of the United States, and if the effort but be put forth—and there is a practical certainty that it will—there will rest with America, in a great measure, the control of electrical communication around the globe.

The authorization by Congress of a two-thousand-mile stretch of cable from Guam to Midway will be portentous, not so much from the fact that it will mark the first step in the establishment of communication with our new possessions in the Orient, as in the assurance of control by the United States of the first Pacific cable. A cable to traverse the world's greatest ocean has long been under consideration, and now almost simultaneously with the commencement of American activity comes the announcement that the British Government is ready to coöperate with the Governments of Australia and Canada in laying a Government cable from Vancouver, or some similar point, to some landing-place on the New Zealand coast and thence to Australia. The British project has met with a vigorous opposition, based upon the claim that an invasion of the legitimate domain of private enterprise is contemplated, and this is likely to delay the accomplishment of the work.

DRAWN BY ELIZABETH SHIPPEN GREEN

A MOMENT LATER ONE OF THE GREATEST CONNOISSEURS WAS COMPLAINING, ALMOST BITTERLY, TO THE PERFORMER THAT CIRCUMSTANCES PREVENTED HER FROM BECOMING A PROFESSIONAL

It may at first thought seem strange that with submarine telegraph lines of an aggregate length sufficient to encircle the globe nearly seven times the Pacific should have been so completely overlooked. In comparison with the Atlantic, across which more than twenty cables have been laid, the Pacific has been neglected to a surprising degree.

For the cause of this neglect the United States has, by force of circumstances, been enabled to be the nation to discover the solution. Heretofore no Government has been able to secure any adequate assurance of permanent control of the relay stations which would prove essential for a cable of sufficient length to span the Pacific. Now with the Hawaiian Islands, Wake Island, Guam and the Philippines in her possession, the United States finds provided an ideal line of outposts.

That characteristic American energy and ingenuity may be counted upon for the solution of any difficulties which may arise is attested by the degree of enterprise displayed in the outfitting and equipment of the steamer Hooker, the representative of the United States in the world's fleet of fifty steamers devoted solely to the work of laying and repairing ocean cables.

The Hooker, which was fitted out last summer for service in the Philippines, was originally the Panama, one of the prizes of the Spanish-American War, but after refitting she approximated very closely the standard type of cable-laying and cable-repair ship. The vessel is, of course, very fully equipped with apparatus for picking up and paying out cable, and most interesting of all, with three immense tanks with a capacity for storing 700 tons of cable. The tanks are circular and slightly conical in shape, and are, of course, thoroughly water-tight.

The largest of the tanks is placed amidships in the vessel and will hold 130 miles of cable. The tank in the forward part of the steamer holds thirty-five miles of deep-sea cable, and the tank in the after part has a capacity of several miles of the heavily armored "shore end." The cable when coiled in place is covered with sea water for preservative purposes, because the gutta-percha which is used as an insulator deteriorates rapidly when exposed to the air.

The cable which will establish direct telegraphic communication between our new possessions and the American Capital is of vastly different construction from the line which Professor Morse laid in New York harbor little more than half a century ago. The cable of that day was simply a wire protected by a coating of gutta-percha. The chief materials remain much the same, but they are carefully protected by spiral windings of steel wire and carefully prepared water-proof and insect-proof wrappings. The plan for a Philippine cable will, if carried out as at present projected, place in the control of the United States the greatest Government cable in the world. There is no Power of any standing but that is to a greater or less extent an owner of cables, but in many instances the lines are very short, simply serving for purposes of communication with forts, batteries, signal stations, lighthouses, and other similar posts. There are, all told, considerably more than a thousand governmental cables, and their average length is less than twenty miles.

One of the earliest and most successful of the governmental cables was that undertaken by the Indian Government in 1864, the successful completion of which marked the first establishment of telegraphic communication between England and India. The submerged line as originally laid had a total length of 1450 miles.

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The new Pacific cable will have an aggregate length exceeding 7000 miles. The distance from the Golden Gate to Honolulu, which is slightly in excess of 2000 miles, will constitute the longest single stretch, but the distance from the Hawaiian Islands to Wake Island is but a few miles shorter.

From Wake Island to Guam is a span of more than 1200 miles, and from Guam to Manila adds 1500 miles to the aggregate. If we accept the estimate of an English authority that a cable completed and ready for service costs in the neighborhood of $1100 per mile, it will be seen that the new Pacific connection will cost a pretty penny. The above estimate is based upon an allowance of $750 per mile as the cost of the cable and $350 per mile as the allowance for the expense of transporting and laying it.

It seems to have been quite generally accepted as a fact that the construction of a Pacific cable will entail some more or less serious difficulties by reason of the depth at which it will have to be laid; but while the soundings made have shown extreme depths at some points, it seems to be the general opinion of experts that the depth for the greater portion of the distance will be but little in excess of that at which cables have heretofore been successfully laid and operated. All discussion of this subject is, however, based to a considerable extent upon conjecture. The maximum depth to be encountered has been estimated as ranging between three and four miles, and as the cable between Hayti and the Windward Islands reaches at points a depth slightly in excess of three miles, there is no occasion to anticipate insurmountable engineering difficulties.

The present cable route from our Atlantic coast cities to Manila amounts in the aggregate to very close to 14,000 miles. The route is as follows: From New York to Valentia, Ireland, by cable; to Brighton and Havre, by cable and land; Havre to Marseilles, by land; to Alexandria, by cable; to Suez, by land; to Aden and Bombay, by cable; to Madras, by land; to Singapore, Saigon, Hongkong, by cable; to Bolonao, Philippine Islands, by cable; to Manila, by land. Messages from New York to Manila are charged at the rate of $2.35 a word. The new cable will also permit a considerable saving of time in the transmission of messages. The time required for the construction of the Pacific cable must remain to a considerable extent a matter of speculation, but if present plans are carried out the line should be in operation two or three years hence.

The Choice of a Profession
The Attractions of Teaching

By E. Benjamin Andrews
Superintendent of Schools Chicago

NO PART of our national life so compliments the American people as its regard for popular education. South and West, as well as North and East, from earliest Colonial times down to the passing year, education has been believed in and zealously promoted.

The large infusion of foreign blood into our population occasioned no diminution of its enthusiasm for schools—the reverse, rather. Each new settlement was quick to rear its schoolhouse, following with another and another, where the necessary rudiments of education could be obtained without price. The propriety of such provision has never been seriously debated in any State. That education is good and necessary, and that at least the fundamentals thereof should at public cost be made available to every boy and girl in the land, have, *semper et ubique*, been assumed as axiomatic truths.

The newer States have acted upon them even more consistently than the older, setting apart large public lands for the support of free education, levying ample taxes in the same interest, and providing instruction in higher and the highest, as well as in ordinary branches.

Throughout the United States the schoolmaster has thus not only always been "abroad," but he has always and in all places been honored and influential. He has been regarded as representing a "profession." The guild has with us never been menial, as in Great Britain. There, till quite recently—and the change is hardly perceptible now—teachers came from the lower classes almost alone and ranked socially with governesses and servants, whereas in the United States teachers have always proceeded in large numbers from the very best families and have moved in the highest social circles. Hence a far closer affinity, social as well as pedagogical, is observable here than yonder between instructors in common schools and instructors in universities and colleges. School people are, and always have been, better paid here than in Great Britain, although here as there given ability in teaching commands less income than among lawyers and physicians. In this particular teachers are less favored than the clergy. Indeed, even more pronouncedly than the ministry, teaching is a philanthropic work.

ACCOUNTING FOR THE PLETHORA OF TEACHERS

Spite of its slender financial yield, however, the profession of teaching is at this moment overcrowded; worse so, probably, than ministry, law or medicine. Its honorableness—never greater than now—is not the sole cause of this. Thanks to the unsettled theology of our time, great numbers of young men of a type which half a century ago would have sealed them for missionary work, or at least for clerical life at home, now become teachers. Honest, and not daring to trust preaching for permanent support, they naturally turn to activity equally evangelical and less likely to fail them as a source of livelihood. Not a few thus adopt teaching whose choice would formerly have been the law, not finding it, under some of the conditions obtaining at the present day, a thoroughly congenial occupation.

But teaching work wins most devotees by its intrinsic attractiveness. Throngs of men and women press into the walks of teacherdom because these walks have of late grown incomparably inviting. There is more than formerly to see in and along them, and it is more beautiful. To no other profession, not even to medicine, surgery or engineering, has recent scientific thought brought so striking a change of character as it has produced in teaching. To the intelligent teacher the whole structure, the very spirit of the business has been made new, most interestingly new.

THE NEWER TENDENCIES IN TEACHING

The art of governing a school or a schoolroom has become more simple and easy, involving less fuss and worry. Rules and regulations are few. Corporal punishment is as good as disused. Vanished forever is the style of the Vermont schoolmaster who, being placed in charge of a school whence the big boys had violently ejected a number of his predecessors, after opening the first session with prayer, cocked an immense horse-pistol with the fetching observation: "Dear Christian friends, this weapon is said to have killed a man once; be that as it may, we will have order in this school." Revolver, rod and ruler, with all other instruments of torture, have passed from the school to the historical museum.

Every progressive teacher now aims to render his or her schoolroom a home, a centre of interest, happiness, even delight, where children shall come without urging and stay without tedium. Pupils are not made to "toe the mark," or to bow "attention" or "obeisance," as was formerly thought indispensable. Classes recite from their seats or fronting a blackboard or a map, or huddled picturesquely in a corner or about the teacher's table, as may best conserve interest. A class often moves from one of these positions to another in the course of a single lesson. All is free, joyous; nothing stiff, nothing arbitrary. Bursts of sweet music are frequent. The line between work and play wavers and is at times imperceptible. This insistence on spontaneity and joyousness is no doubt in some schools or rooms carried too far, but the tendency is good notwithstanding.

A variety of new subjects is taught in modern schools, making the school curriculum an incomparably richer and more broadening affair to be conversant with than it was a few years since. The accomplished teacher must know music and drawing as well as the elements of manual construction, gymnastics, and the household arts. Pupils are now taught to plan, act, execute, achieve, develop their originality, not merely to study and recite, seeing who shall miss the fewest questions and go home with a "reward of merit."

THE PROBLEMS OF THE EDUCATOR

And then the infinitely nice problems thrust upon the modern teacher's thought! At what age is a study or exercise best begun? What aptest correlations can we devise of studies with studies, exercises with exercises, studies with exercises, studies or exercises with play, so as to further two or three ends in gaining one? How far and with what contrivances can you helpfully illustrate a given lesson, and when cast aside illustration directly challenging pupils' power to think the thing itself? You must insist upon first-hand knowledge—of actual things as distinguished from descriptions of things, and also upon pupils' self-activity; yet you must, at the same time, beware of breeding apathy toward books. School work is to be made pleasant, yet woe betide you if you neglect the child's will-power, his aptitude for tasks, for strenuous activity. I need not point out the surpassing interest attaching to these problems and to the hundred similar ones confronting all bright latter-day teachers.

Considering this vital attractiveness of up-to-date teaching along with the influences which keep ingenuous men from the pulpit and the bar, the present plethora of teachers is not strange. What is at first hard of explanation is the absence, after all, from this crowd, of so many choice spirits whom it would naturally be expected to contain, men and women superbly fitted for success and happiness in teaching who choose other occupations. But this phenomenon, too, has its causes. I do not reckon among these the low incomes which teachers receive, for the men and women in question are of the elect, who care more for usefulness than for salary.

THE TAINT OF POLITICS IN THE SCHOOLS

The vicious administration of school systems is one of the causes. A person of sensibility shuns a service where not merit but political influence determines advancement, where, to retain one's place against any upstart rival, professional efficiency and fidelity avail naught, but one must gad up and down to find and fawn upon the men who control the votes in one's ward. Where this shameful necessity exists the teaching force cannot but lose quality. The guild and the entire public are to be congratulated that such necessity is fast passing away in favor of the merit system.

Men sometimes object to enlisting as teachers because of the lively competition which they would have to encounter from women. In this country probably all kindergartners are women; a great majority of the elementary teachers are of the same sex, and so are a considerable and increasing number of the principals in elementary schools. It must be admitted that many women principals, even of large schools, are extremely successful. The common assertions that the older boys in the grades need man government, and are less virile and more given to vice when under women principals, are not, I believe, sustained by evidence. When one reflects on the increasing number of able women who, though well-to-do or having their support from others, demand to be usefully active, and on the increasing number of able women who have to win their own bread, one must, apart from all gallantry, wish to keep open women's chance to compete for school principalships, as well as for all other positions which they can successfully fill. Meantime there is no danger that women will ever exclude men from high educational places.

PLENTY OF ROOM AT THE BOTTOM

While brilliant women thus forge upward, why should not ambitious men carry the competition downward into kindergarten and primary teaching? That there is anything in woman's nature, fundamentally considered, which fits her to teach children better than man can seems to me pure assumption. That women usually do teach young children better than men do is conceded, but their superiority seems due only to practice on their part and lack of the same on men's part. One of the most successful kindergartners I ever knew was a man, yet he had no special qualification for the work beyond education, devotion and determination.

It may be admitted that in a sense older boys need men teachers' influence. So do younger boys, and so do girls as well. Granting that a more perfect sex equilibrium is desirable in the teaching force, it ought not to be established by decreeing all the superior teacherships to men. Just thought on this subject is spreading, and will ere long swell teachers' ranks, lower as well as higher, with large and desirable accessions.

There is a third reason, far more serious than either of those just considered, why so much first-rate talent naturally inclined to teaching is now lost. It is the trade-union spirit in its selfish phase, which has of late begun to infect teaching circles. The cloud is as yet no larger than a man's hand, but it is dark, frightening many and giving grave concern to many more. Always till now teachers have loved to regard their calling as benevolent, philanthropic, akin to the ministry of the Gospel, its truest reward not of this world, but spiritual, the consciousness of exalted function in widening the skirts of light and diminishing the domain and the density of men's mental darkness. All great teachers have found uplift in the thought of their work as one for which society did not and could not fully pay. Often this has been precisely the consideration determining noble natures in favor of teaching as a life work.

A NEW ERA FOR THE TEACHERS' GUILD

When, therefore, such hear that in certain quarters the tone of the craft is sinking, teachers renouncing the evangelical view of their office and esteeming it simply as a source of lucre, they are disgusted. Were selfish trade-unionism in danger of real prevalence among teachers, the outlook for the profession would be dark indeed. It would be desperate, even, for every element which has made the service noble would in time be lost out of it. But this trade-unionism among teachers will not spread far or continue long. It is checked already. The bulk of the profession is composed of men and women acting from high motives, who will freeze to death all germs tending to vitiate its moral blood with pus.

American society is passing—and successfully—perhaps the most trying crisis which civilization has ever met. Never, I believe, at least since the dissolution of Rome, have wealth and the accompaniments thereof so absolutely and exclusively dominated the public thought of a community as in the United States during the last decades. With awful approach to unanimity we have by our actions been declaring meat to be more than life, raiment more than the body. But a healthy change is already apparent. Humanity has not shed its nobility. Plain living, high thinking, truth, love, delight in service—all the things of the spirit, are becoming respectable again. Mighty among the forces steadying us through this vertigo, bright among the lights battling the gloom, loud among the prophets preaching that life is, after all, more than meat, has been, and is, the consecrated teacher.

Editor's Note—This is the sixth paper in the series on The Choice of a Profession.

Marvelous Power of Interpretation

MOST of the photographs used to illustrate Governor Roosevelt's latest book, The Rough Riders, were taken by Professor Dwight L. Elmendorf, who ten years ago was called the most expert amateur photographer in New York. The Professor at that time was the chief instructor in the New York Institute for the Improved Instruction of the Deaf. It taught the deaf how to articulate and how to interpret the speech of hearing persons by the movement of their lips.

One day a newspaper reporter was sent to the Institute to get an illustrated article upon this new method of instruction. In the office of the school he met a young man to whom he gave his card.

"If you wait here a few minutes," said the young man in a queer, metallic, but singularly even tone of voice, "I will introduce you to Professor Elmendorf."

"Who is Professor Elmendorf?" asked the reporter.

The young man had turned to his desk and made no answer.

"Is he the head of this Institute?"

Still no answer.

"I thought Mr. Greenberger was the principal," went on the reporter. "Has he——"

At this moment the young man turned around and, catching a glimpse of his visitor's lips, said, "I beg your pardon. I did not hear you speak. I'm deaf, you know. What were you saying?"

The reporter repeated his inquiry, but before it could be answered Professor Elmendorf appeared. He was a tall, slender, bearded man, quick of gesture and decision in manner. But he, too, spoke in the same artificial tone of voice.

"Come along with me," he said heartily, "and I'll give you all that you need. I have been arranging to make some photographs showing our method, and to-day will do as well as any time."

After a tour through the buildings they went into an attic room fixed up as a photographic studio. Several of the pupils were posed before the camera while Professor Elmendorf held conversations with them in the lip language, apparently as easily as if they heard as well as ordinary persons. When the pictures were all taken the Professor took the reporter into his classroom for further information. Then followed this catechism:

"Is this method of instruction always successful?"

"In most cases."

"Isn't it sometimes very awkward when a man talks to you and you don't happen to be looking at his lips? Don't you have to explain to him at the beginning of your conversation that you are deaf?"

"No, I don't," replied the Professor.

"Why not?" persisted the reporter.

"Probably because I'm not deaf."

And then they laughed.

BOY LIFE ON *the PRAIRIES*

By Hamlin Garland

An Exciting Day at the CIRCUS

THERE were only three great summer holidays: the Fourth of July, the circus, and the fair which came at the beginning of autumn. To these, some years later, was added the annual Grange picnic, which took place on the twelfth of June. Of all these, the circus was easily first in importance; even the Fourth of July furnished less entertainment than the "glittering, gorgeous panorama of polychromatic pictures," which once a year glorified the town.

The boys of Sun Prairie generally went. They had some understanding with their fathers whereby they managed to earn the half-dollar necessary to pay their way in. This half-dollar seemed big as the moon when it was received, but was small and mean compared to the pleasures of the circus. Lincoln and Owen earned their money by killing gophers. Rance was paid for herding. Ben raised chickens.

June was usually the month for the circus. In those days it did not travel in special trains, but came across the country in the night, and bloomed out in white canvas and pink flags under the rising sun, like mysterious and splendid toadstools, and looked as permanent as granite to the awed country boys, who found it all in place at nine o'clock.

The boys met in groups on Sunday and compared posters, lying beneath the rustling leaves of the cottonwood trees. Rance, who always had what he wanted, and went where he pleased, was counted authority. He had seen three circuses before; Lincoln only one. From the height of his great experience, Rance said no circus ever lived up to its bills. "If it is half as good, we ought to be satisfied."

The next question was whether to go in the afternoon or in the evening. The evening was said by some to be much the better. Others stood out for the afternoon.

"Well, then, let's go down to the parade in the morning and hang around and see all the fun we can, and go to the circus in the evening."

To this Lincoln made objection: "We'd all be sick by that time."

The justice of this remark was also admitted. Only one thing remained to do—see the morning parade, then lunch and go early to see the animals. At the last moment their plans were made of no account by their parents, who quietly made ready to go in the big wagons and family carriages, and the boys were ordered into line without ceremony.

So, punctual to time and place, Lincoln and Owen, seated on a board placed across the wagon box behind the spring seat—on which their parents sat—jarred and bounced on their way to the country town, while Rance galloped along in gay freedom on his horse. Milton was another unwilling guest of his parents, and sat in the back seat of the old family carryall, with a sense of being thrust back into childhood.

Wagons came rumbling in over every road, till the town was filled as at the Fourth of July celebration. It was all very exciting and unwholesome. Even the boys recognized that it was too splendid and unnatural to last. Accustomed to the silence of the fields, the infrequent groups of families in the schoolhouses, they bowed with awe before the coming together of two thousand people. It seemed as if Cedar County and part of Cerro Gordo had assembled, and neighbors greeted each other in the midst of the throng with such fervor as travelers show in far-off Asiatic cities when they unexpectedly meet.

They all waited in nervous impatience for the parade, which was not a piece of shrewd advertising to them, but a solemn function. A circus without a parade was unthinkable. It began somewhere, the country boys scarcely knew where, far in the mystery of the East, and it came past them where they stood, a pageant that was Ivanhoe and the Arabian Nights and Red Indians and Mohammedanism and negro slavery in procession.

It trailed a transfiguring dust, through which foolish and slobbering camels and solemn and kingly lions and gorgeous and sinister tigers moved, preceded by the awkward and slow-moving elephants, two and two, chained and sullen, with splendid horses following, keeping step to the jar of great drums and the blaring voices of trumpets. Ladies, beautiful and haughty of glance, rode parti-colored ponies with miraculous skill, their voices sounding small in the clangor of the streets. They were accompanied by horsemen jacketed in steel, with long plumes in their gleaming helmets. They, too, looked over the dusty people of the plains with lofty and disdainful eyes; even the drivers on the chariots seemed weary and contemptuous as they swayed on their high seats or cried in far-reaching voices to their leaders, who did not disdain to curvet for their humble admirers.

The town boys, alert and self-sufficient, ran alongside the open chariot where the lion-tamer sat, surrounded by his savage pets, but the country boys could only stand and look, transfixed with pleasure and pain: the pleasure of looking upon it; the pain of seeing it pass. They were wistful, unimportant figures, standing there in dusty, ill-fitting garments. Their brains were subtle instruments on which the procession played, like a series of unrelated notes. As the lions passed, vague visions of vast deserts rose in their minds. Amid toppling towers these royal beasts prowled in the vivid moonlight. On the hot sands at sunset travelers mounted on camels, with garments out-blown by the sirocco, passed near a crouching lioness. The camels reached long necks athwart the shadows of distant purple pyramids. Mounted on fearless elephants, tiger-hunters moved deep sunk in long, yellow grass. The feudal wars were in the glittering knights. The wealth of the Indies rolled in the golden chariot of the hippopotamus. The jungles of Hindustan were embodied in the black-and-yellow body of the tiger, and the heat of the tropic sunset shone from his terrible eyes. All that their readers, histories and geographies had taught these lads of the plain seemed somehow illustrated, illuminated, irradiated by this gorgeous pageantry.

When it passed, Lincoln found his legs stiffened and his hands numb. Upon this trance full of dreams the voice of their father broke sharply as a bugle:

"Well, boys, that's all of it. Now we'll go and get some dinner." In such wise does the practical soul jostle the elbow of the dreamer.

Lincoln drew a deep sigh and turned away. He had no desire to follow the chariots, but he wished they would all come his way again.

Out on a vacant lot on a back street, in the shade of their wagon, Mrs. Stewart set out a lunch, and while the horses munched over the end gate the boys tried to eat, but with small success. The cold chicken was quite tasteless, the biscuits were like cotton batting; only the jelly-cake and the cold tea had power to interest them. Lincoln was eager to get to the grounds where the white tents were pitched, and heartily wished his father would let him go alone. It was humiliating to be forced to tag along behind, leading Owen by the hand, but the time for rebellion had not yet come.

At last, after agonies of impatience, while the mother put things in order and brushed her own clothes as well as those of little Mary, the family set out, joining the streams of people converging upon the grounds. The country people tramped heavily along the unaccustomed sidewalks, while the townspeople, lighter shod and defter, and moving in merry groups, seemed like another race of people. Their women were more graceful and gayer. The town boys, many of them, wore new suits that fitted, with stylish straw hats, and they went unattended by elders, chattering like blackbirds. The bankers drove their families down in fine carriages, and the District Attorney, going by in a white "Manila" hat, with a wide black band, said: "Good afternoon, Neighbor Stewart," and Lincoln bobbed his head while his father saluted.

As they came out upon the green, the huge white tents, the fluttering flags, the crowds of people, the advertisements of the side-shows, the cries of the ticket-sellers and lemonade and candy men overwhelmed the country boys, and they were glad to keep in the protective shadow of their resolute and stalwart sire. The tumult was appalling. On the left of the path was a long line of side-shows with enormous billowing canvas screens on which the wonders within were rudely painted: a pig playing a violin; an armless man sewing with his toes; a bearded lady; a fat boy; a man taking a silk hat from a bottle; while on a stool before each door stood an alert and brazen-voiced young man, stern, contemptuous and alien of face, declaring the virtues of his show and inviting the people to enter.

"Oh, well! Oh, well! Oh, well! You have still a half an hour, ladies and gentlemen, before the great show opens," one called with monotonous, penetrating, clanging utterances, like a rusty bell. "Still a half an hour to see the wonder of the world, Madame Ogoleda, the snake woman. Walk in—walk in; only a dime to see this wondrous woman and her monstrous serpent. Only a dime apiece."

At this moment, just as they were passing the entrance, the sound of a blow was heard, and a stern voice cried: "Come along, you."

The sounds of a struggle followed, and the canvas side of the tent waved to and fro violently. Then a voice rose in command: "Git from me way, all of ye." And others replied:

"All right, Jim; hang to him."

As the spectators outside stopped, the man on the stool sprang down, crying:

"What's the matter in there?"

At this precise moment a powerfully built man, with a stern and handsome face, came from the tent holding a revolver in his right hand while his left grasped the collar of a wiry, slick-looking fellow who was bareheaded and foaming with rage.

"Drop that man!" yelled the ticket-seller.

"Kape out of me way," said the heavy man, quietly.

The ticket-seller put his fingers in his mouth and blew sharply.

The man with the revolver swept his weapon around and laid the ticket-seller flat on the ground by a blow on the temple.

The crowd cheered. "Good for you, Jim!"

"What's up, Jim?" cried a dozen voices.

The immense crowd lost all interest in the circus and closed around the scene like a wall. The Stewarts found themselves fenced in and unable to escape even had they desired it. Lincoln was quite in the front now. His father said, "It's Jim Moriarity, Sheriff of the county." The throng was tense with excitement, but silent. The criers had ceased their chatter, but circus hands were approaching from every direction. Jeers and signals could be heard, but Jim, with keen, round, gray eyes, faced his new antagonists with ready revolver.

The ticket-seller sprang to his feet with the blood streaming from his wound.

"I'll kill you!" he hoarsely snarled.

"It's the Sheriff, you fool," said a companion.

"Sheriff, and the best man in the county, bar none," said a townsman.

Jim explained. "This is a thimble-rigger. He's wanted in Cerro Gordo for robbery—and he goes."

The crowd laughed. "You bet he goes. We know you, Jim. Go ahead."

Jim said: "And I want you, me friend, for inteferin' with an officer in the discharge of his juty. Open a path, b'ys."

The crowd opened and Jim said: "Go before me, and don't look back."

"If you weren't an officer and armed, you couldn't take me," replied the angry man.

Jim smiled grimly. "Me friend, ye're too ambitious. Ye're a foine bit of a b'y, but too soft to talk loike that to a workin' man."

"For a copper I'd show you."

"Has anny one a copper?" asked Jim. "I'm an accommodatin' man."

"Kape out of me way"

The manager, red of face and dripping perspiration, his silk hat at an anxious angle, appeared at this moment.

"What's all this? Are you the Sheriff? What's wanted? Let that man go!"

Jim turned on him: "Kape a civil tongue in yer head, and shove out yer sharpers, or it'll go hard with ye to git out of the county."

"This is a straight show. I want you to understand nothing crooked goes around me. I won't have my men interfered with. I won't have no jay Sheriff jumpin'——"

"Listen!" said Jim, swift and sharp. "Open yer jaw at me ag'in and I'll break yer silk hat and stuff yer throat with the pieces."

A man in the crowd yelled: "Lay a hand on our Sheriff and we'll lynch every one of ye!" and the roar that followed made the manager's red face change to a ghastly white. He turned and walked away amid the laughter of the citizens.

The ticket-seller was pacing up and down.

"Oh, if you weren't Sheriff I'd learn you to strike me! I'd waller you till your mother wouldn't know you."

Jim winked at the crowd: "He has a consate of his powers that is commick. Will somebody hold me thimble-rigger for a few seconds?"

A big man stepped out: "I'll take care of him."

"All right, Steve. It's a holiday. I've a little consate of meself, and it won't take long annyway." He handed his

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Editor's Note—This is the second of four sketches of Boy Life on the Prairies by Hamlin Garland. The remaining two will appear in coming numbers of the Post.

revolver to his deputy, and took off his coat. "Now, me lad. I've laid down me authority wid me coat. I'm plain Jim Moriarity, from the Wapsypinnion, wishin' to be instructed; but be quick, or you'll delay the circus." The fellow hesitated a moment. Jim's brow darkened. "Come, quick, or I'll lift ye on the toe of me boot."

The ticket-seller squared off as Jim drew near, and began dancing around with his arms in fighting place, but Jim only faced him with a smile on his handsome brown face, his hands carelessly hanging at his sides. At last the circus man struck out but fell short, and Jim cuffed him on the cheek with the flat of his hand.

"Wake up, me lad," he called.

With a curse the ticket man leaped forward, blindly striking, but Jim stepped away, and as the man went by struck him behind the ear. He fell like a log, and Jim, taking him by the collar, set him on his feet. "Try it oncet more, me bucco."

He did try again, wildly, blindly, and Jim cuffed him right and left, till he spun around dizzily on his feet and fell sprawling on his hands and knees. Jim lifted him again amid the laughter of the crowd. The second time he landed the man did not rise, and Jim said: "Anny time when I'm not busy I'll be glad to have fun wid ye, or anny other of yez."

He came back and said: "We've still a few minutes to spare. Is there anny other gentleman would like to amuse the crowd? Me father was born in Donegal and dearly loved a shindy." No one offered, and Jim put on his coat. "Now, me friend," he continued, returning to his professional tone, "we'll lave the people to enjoy the show." He deftly snapped a handcuff to the prisoner's right arm, and put the other to his own wrist. Steve handed over the revolver. Jim lifted his eyes: "Go ahn to the show, b'ys. Come!" he said to his prisoner; "if ye break so much as the skin of me wrist I'll brain ye."

As they walked down the lane of grinning citizens the prisoner kept touchingly close to his captor's side.

Then the tide of sound swept back. The cries began again. The pent-up excitement of the crowd broke forth in a clatter of talk, as they moved away toward the big tent where a splendid band was playing furiously, and the ticket-seller was crying in a monstrous voice: "Right this way to the big show."

Carried along by the pressure of the crowd, the boys neared the entrance, their blue tickets crushed to a pulp in their hands. The stern and noisy gatekeeper snatched at them, and a moment later they were inside the animals' tent, and the circus was just before them. But somehow the breathless interest of the morning was gone. The human drama before the sideshow had put the wonders of the tent on a different plane. For a few moments all the talk was of the Sheriff and his victims.

Slowly but surely the power of "the circus" reasserted its dominion over the boys as they moved slowly around the circle of the chariots wherein the strange animals from the ends of the earth were on view. The squalling of paroquets, the chatter and squawk of monkeys, the snorting of elephants, the deep, short, gusty elemental *ough* of the lions, the occasional spiteful snarl of the leopards, restlessly pacing, with yellow-green eyes glaring, the strange, odd, hot smells, all these made human life very small and of no account. These beings whose footfalls were like velvet on velvet, whose bodies were swift as shadows and as terrible as catapults, whose eyes emitted the blaze of undying hate—these monstrous, warty, wide-mouthed, uncouth creatures from rivers so remote that geographers had not reached them; these birds that outshone the prairie flowers in coloring; these serpents, whose lazy, glittering coils concealed the strength of a hundred chains—all these forms, too diverse to be the work of Nature, stupefied Lincoln. All the pictures of his schoolbooks, all the chance drawings in the periodicals open to him, all the stories of the sea and of far countries were resurged and vivified in his brain till it boiled like a kettle of soup, and then—on top of it all—came the men and women of the circus proper.

Stumbling along behind the broad shoulders of his father, hearing and not hearing the anxious words of his mother, "Keep close to us, boys," Lincoln passed from the pungent air of the animal tent out into the ring of the circus, which crackled with the cries of alert men selling fans, ice cream, and sticks of candy and bags of peanuts. It was already packed with an innumerable throng of people whose faces were as vague to the boys as the fans they swung. Overhead the canvas lifted and billowed, and the poles creaked and groaned, and the ropes snapped with the strain of the brisk outside wind. To Lincoln it seemed nearly a quarter of a mile across the ring, and he feared the performance might begin before they got safely out of it and seated.

Jokes and rude cries passed between those already seated and the crowd wandering along with faces upturned like weary chickens looking for a roost. Mr. Stewart heard a familiar voice and, looking up, saw Mr. Jennings, who was pointing to a vacant strip of plank near him.

"There's our place, mother," said Mr. Stewart.

"Away up there? Good land!" exclaimed she in dismay.

They climbed slowly up the terraced seats of thin and narrow boards, and at last found themselves seated not far from the Jennings family.

"Where do we put our feet?" inquired Mrs. Stewart.

"Anywhere you can get 'em," replied Milton.

"They don't improve on their seats," said Mr. Jennings. "It seems to me the seats used to be a good deal wider."

"You were young then, Neighbor Jennings."

"I guess that's the truth of it."

The boys did not think of making a complaint. It was enough for them that they were at last on a seat, ready for the wonders soon to come. The band was already beating upon Lincoln's sensitive brain with a swift and brazen clangor, and at a signal twelve uniformed attendants filed into the ring and the gates were closed. The band flared out into a strongly accentuated march, and forth from the mystic gateway came the knights and their ladies, riding two and two on splendid horses. They were superb horsemen, these riders, and the prairie boys were able to understand and appreciate their skill. Nothing was lost on them—every turn of a knee, every supple twist of the wrist was observed, never to be forgotten. The pride and joy of the action, the ringing cries, the exultant strength of the horses, who seemed to enjoy it quite as much as their riders. These things sank deep into Lincoln's mind.

DRAWN BY WILL CRAWFORD

—they moved slowly around the circle of the chariots

Oh, to be one of those fine and splendid riders, with no more corn to plow or hay to rake or corn to husk! To go forth into the great, mysterious world, in the company of these grand men and lovely women; to be always admired by thousands; to bow and graciously return thanks; to wear a star upon his breast; to be able to live under the shining canvas in the sound of music! In such course Lincoln's vague aspirations ran. He had no desire to serve as ringmaster, or to be the manager and wear a white vest and a tall hat. To be "an artist" was quite good enough for him.

One of the clowns was not a good clown, but he was a strong man. He formed the walking pedestal for the deft performance of two fine acrobats. He was a spotted clown, with an enormous, artificial belly, and was very loud and boisterous, but the audience did not like him as well as the little, short, smiling man, who sang Little Brown Jug, May Slapjacks Hang an Inch on Me if Ever I Cease to Love, and Where was Moses When the Light Went Out?

The spotted clown was following the singer about, imitating his walk, when a man in citizen's dress came quietly walking out of the inner entrance into the ring and laid his hand on the spotted clown. It was Jim, the Sheriff. A great shout went up from the crowd.

The clown wrenched himself loose and, retreating swiftly a few steps, threw a somersault, intending to strike the Sheriff in the breast with his feet. Jim evaded him with a lightning-swift movement, and struck him just as he landed on the sand. The clown bounded to his feet instantly, but Jim was at his ear with his left hand, and he went to the earth again. Five or six attendants came running—the ringmaster clubbed his whip to strike, but he did not. A roar went up the like of which he had never heard before, and over the ropes, tumbling, shouting, cursing, the men of the benches broke, like a grisly, gray-black flood. The ropes were cut, the stakes pulled up for weapons, and in a breath a densely packed ring surrounded the indomitable Sheriff and his new antagonists.

For a few moments all was confusion and frenzy; nothing could be clearly seen or heard. At last, those in front turned and lifted their palms in the air, and hissed for silence, and almost immediately the penetrating, humorous voice of the Sheriff could be heard:

"B'ys, ye can see better on yer seats. Go back; I'll attend to this small business. Go back, I say, and lave me to me work. This man is not a clown—he's a crook, and I need him to make a pair."

The crowd laughed and yelled: "You're all right, Jim!"

"I *am*. You're all wrong. Go ahn back, I say."

The crowd laughed and, uttering exclamations of amusement and pride in Jim, clambered back to their seats.

When the ring cleared, Jim was seen standing with the clown handcuffed to his left wrist, a revolver in his right hand, and facing the ringmaster, the manager, and a crowd of circus people.

"Be quiet!" he was saying. "B'ys," he turned to the acrobats and equestrians, "I've nothin' ag'in ye. I'm sorry to interrupt the fun, but no three-card-monte man can play his game in this county while I'm Sheriff. And as for you, me beauty," he said, addressing the manager, "I am not so sure ye don't stand in with these crooks. Me advice is, lave the thieves behind. Come, me man."

The clown sullenly complied, and with his drawn revolver in his hand Jim walked toward the exit, followed by hundreds of the men who wanted to see that no evil befell their hero.

This practically ended the circus. In vain the criers went over the audience shouting:

"Tickets for the minstrel show only a quarter of a dollar. Let no one miss the songs and dances. A grand dramatic entertainment will follow the final act!"

To the boys, the incident came as a disagreeable interruption. It was exciting, but was out of place. They grumbled at missing the lion-tamer's act and the dance of the elephants.

Both the Stewart and Jennings families had remained in their seats during the arrest of the clown, and at Mr. Jennings' suggestion they waited while the crowd rushed out.

"We'll take a little more time to see the animals," said Mr. Stewart. "Jim will take care of the man."

But the charm of the circus was broken so far as Lincoln was concerned. The day had been too exciting. His head was throbbing with pain, and the smells of the animal tents were intolerable. Only the lions and tigers interested him, and when he came out into the clear, sweet air and felt the fresh wind in his face he wished he were already at home. The end of all holidays was the same to him: sickness, weariness, pain, and aching muscles and a gorged brain.

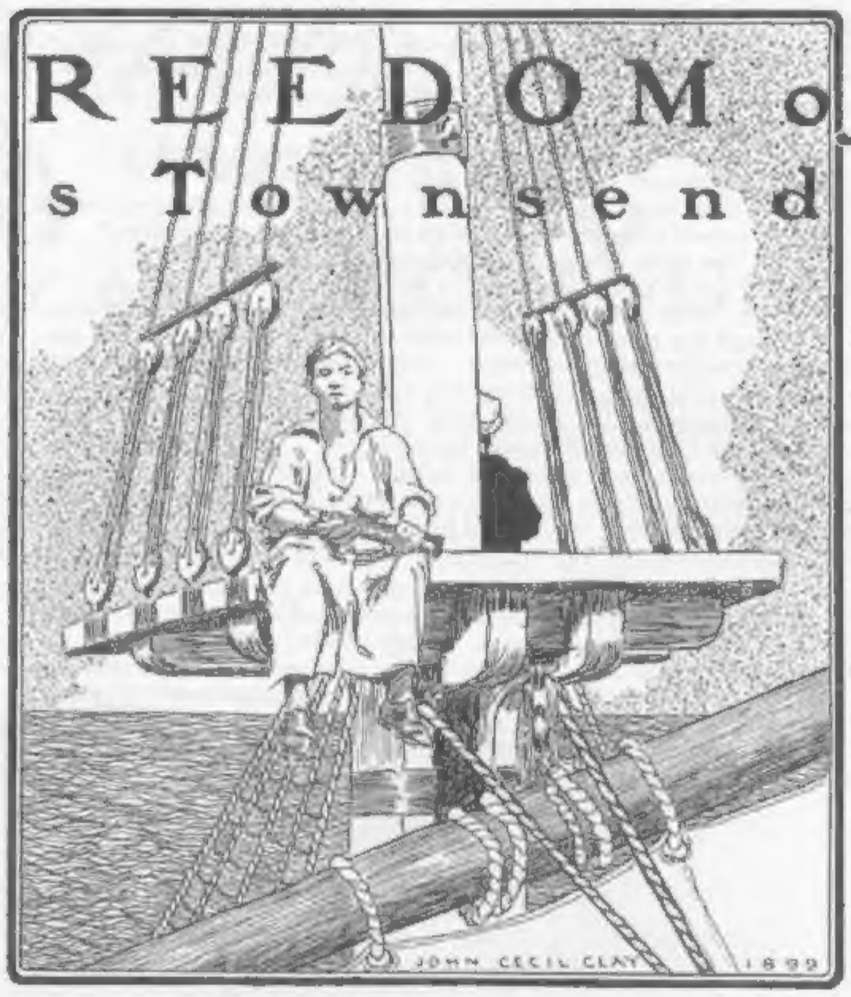
As he pounded up and down on the board behind his father and mother, he had no words to say, no thoughts which were articulate. His brain was a whirling wheel, wherein all his impressions were blurred into bands of gray and brown and gold and scarlet. But in the days that followed the splendid men and women reasserted themselves. His brain cleared, and as he lay with Rance under the rustling poplars on Sunday he could pick out and dreamily define the events of the day. The Sheriff's dramatic actions came to be an entirely separate thing—a thing to be condemned, for it interrupted the circus, which they had all gone to see.

One by one the splendid acts, the specially beautiful women, and the finest men were recalled and named and admired. But deeper down, more impalpable and subtler—so subtle they ran like aromatic wine through his very blood—were other impressions, which threw the prairie into new relief, and enhanced the significance of the growing corn as well as the splendor of the pageant which had come and gone, like the gold and crimson clouds at sunset.

Lincoln had a dream that the world was filled with graceful men and wondrous women, as well as with innumerable monsters and glittering birds and slumbrous serpents.

FOR *the* FREEDOM *of the* SEA

By Cyrus Townsend Brady



Eleventh Chapter

THE bowsprit of the Guerrière fell against the port mizzen rigging on the Constitution, and the two ships drew so close together that the roll of the sea, growing steadily heavier under the freshening breeze, caused the cut-water of the Englishman to chafe and grind against the side of the American ship.

The vessels were so near each other that the men could see the whites of the eyes of their enemies, and the white-and-gold figurehead of the French-built English ship was within easy reach of the hand, for her bowsprit stretched far across the quarter-deck. The Constitution, in this position, had not a single gun that she could bring to bear.

The starboard bow guns of the enemy pounded the after cabins of Captain Hull's ship to pieces, and the burning gun-wads soon started a fire in that vulnerable part of the ship. However, the flames were quickly extinguished by the after division under Lieutenant Hamilton, who brought a severe musketry fire to bear upon the enemy through the after ports, which temporarily silenced her bow guns by depriving them of their crews.

Just then the flag at the Constitution's mizzen-truck, the halyards having been cut by a shot, came down in the top with a run, but Hogan, a young marine, spiritedly climbed up to the truck with it in his hand, and, although a number of British marines fired at him, replaced it at the masthead and descended in safety to his station.

The instant the two ships came together both sides called away boarders, the Englishmen mustering in the forecastle, the Americans on the quarter-deck. The bowsprit of the former extending over the deck gave a convenient line of attack.

As the upper decks became crowded with men, the masses made a splendid target for the riflemen in the tops. There were seven marines in the mizzentop of the Constitution, under an old sergeant who was noted for his skill as a marksman. Six of them loaded while he fired shot after shot into the swarming English.

Captain Bush, of the marine corps, with the utmost gallantry, sprang upon the taffrail of the Constitution to lead the marines, crying, "Board, board!" A bullet went crashing through his skull, killing him instantly.

Undaunted by the catastrophe, Aylwyn, the sailing-master, jumped upon the same spot, but a bullet from the Englishman's maintop severely wounded him in the shoulder.

Fairford had climbed up on the bowsprit with a view to lashing the two ships together, and had already taken a few turns of the main-brace around the spar, when another bullet drove through his body, desperately wounding him, and he fell to the deck.

Hull, with his sword in his hand, leaped upon an arm chest, and endeavored to spring upon the taffrail, but old Rhodes, the boatswain's mate, seized him roughly about the waist and held him back with all the force of his mighty arms.

"Not with them swabs on, sir!" cried the old sailor, alluding to the great bullion epaulets the Captain wore. "It would be sure death for Your Honor."

As the Captain, furious with rage, struggled in the arms of the stalwart seaman, the Constitution gathered way and drew ahead again, the lashings breaking under the strain.

On the English vessel the loss had been even more severe than on her enemy. The sailing-master and his mate had been desperately wounded, two of the junior Lieutenants had been shot down, and Heathcote had been wounded. Most of the men in the forecastle had been killed or wounded, and the Captain himself, while standing on the starboard forecastle hammocks encouraging his men, had been shot in the back by the marine sergeant in the mizzentop. Had the bullet passed a little more to the left the wound would have proved fatal.

The roll of the ships prevented either party from successfully boarding, however, and at this juncture the two ships gathered way and parted. As the Constitution forged ahead, turning to port slowly, the English ship, minus her after sail, swung to starboard again, and, aided by an unusually heavy sea, her bowsprit struck the quarter of the Constitution a mighty blow.

The tremendous stroke carried away the loosened forestays of the English ship, and the shrouds on the port side having been all cut away by the withering fire to which she had been subjected, the weakened foremast, previously wounded by a shot, immediately fell to starboard across the mainstays. The sudden strain upon the mainmast, which was in little better condition than had been the fore, brought it, as well, down to starboard with a mighty crash. The massive spars, beating and thundering against her weakened side in the rolling sea, completed, by their battering-ram onset, her ruin. The Guerrière was a complete wreck, and she careened to starboard and fell off, exposing sheets of glittering copper far below the water-line. The Constitution mercifully withheld her fire from the side of her hapless enemy, and, although the enormous amount of wreckage was soon cut away, the English working with the energy of despair, their ship, completely deprived of motive power, was not under control and at once fell into the trough of the sea, rolling and pitching there at the play of the waves, until she buried her main-deck guns in the water with every heave. She was out of the running forever.

"What time is it, lad?" asked Hull of Midshipman Neill, who had rendered efficient service during the fight.

"Twenty-two minutes after six o'clock, sir," was the reply.

"Less than thirty minutes of actual fighting time," remarked the victorious Captain *sotto voce*, counting from the time the Constitution's first broadside had been delivered. "I think I've won the hat. Mr. Neill, jump below and ask the surgeon to send me a report of the casualties at once. Forward there, pass the word for the carpenter and sailmaster to advise me as to the damage we have sustained. Mr. Read, you will act as First Lieutenant until poor Fairford recovers. We'll run off a little and heave to, overhaul the gear and repair the damage. In case we should be compelled to meet another of these gentry we must be prepared."

"And how about the prize, sir?" asked Read respectfully.

"She'll stay where she is until we get ourselves to rights, I think," answered Hull, smiling.

About seven bells in the second dog-watch, or half after seven o'clock, the Constitution, her colors flying proudly, filled away, wore around, and came down across the bows of the hapless Englishman again. The British sailors had rigged an ensign to the stump of the mizzenmast. As the Constitution came into position, her mighty battery was prepared to rake again. She was practically uninjured in any material way, and ready to engage another English vessel on the moment, the few unimportant spars which had been lost having been replaced and the cut ropes and torn sails hastily spliced and patched or shifted.

The English fired a lee gun, and slowly and reluctantly the ensign fell to the deck. The battle was over. One of the cutters was called away by Hull's direction and Lieutenant Read was sent to take possession of the prize. On account of the heavy sea it was rather a hard row from the Constitution to the Guerrière, but finally the cutter rounded to off the lee side of the enemy.

"What ship is that?" demanded Read from the boat, when he finally reached the Guerrière.

"His Britannic Majesty's ship, Guerrière," answered a weak voice, as a tall figure showed itself above the rail.

"Have you struck, sir?" called Read.

"I don't know that it would be prudent to continue the engagement any longer," was the reply.

"Do I understand you to say that you have struck?" asked Lieutenant Read a second time.

"Not precisely," said Dacres, "but I don't know that it will be worth while to fight any longer."

"If you will not decide, I will return aboard my ship and resume the engagement," said the American officer.

To this Captain Dacres called out somewhat excitedly:

"Why, I am pretty much *hors de combat* already. I have hardly enough men left to work a single gun, and my ship is in a sinking condition!"

"I wish to know, sir," peremptorily demanded Lieutenant Read, "whether I am to consider you as a prisoner of war or as an enemy. I have no time for further parley."

"If I could fight longer I—I—I would with pleasure; but—but I must surrender," Captain Dacres replied with evident reluctance. "I believe there is no alternative."

"Give way, lads," said Read, at this most satisfactory termination of the little colloquy, and the boat was sent alongside of the gangway, where he climbed aboard to take possession.

Twelfth Chapter

ONE can scarcely imagine the shame and humiliation in Captain Dacres' heart. The English Navy could point to thirty years of continuous warfare with all the world, and in over two hundred desperate encounters between single ships, with anything like equality of force, the losses could be counted upon the fingers of a single hand. And now to have to surrender to an American to whom he had personally expressed his entire confidence in his own ship and his contempt for the other! It was almost more than Captain Dacres could bear.

Not the slightest doubt of the issue of the combat had ever crossed his mind. As soon as he had determined that the approaching ship was an enemy he had looked upon her as already a prize. Strange to say, he had expressed himself that afternoon, while he was watching the manœuvres of the Constitution before the action, "She comes down a thought too boldly for an American," following up this sapient remark by this undoubtedly true reflection: "However, the better she behaves the more honor we shall gain by taking her." He had closed his address to his crew before the battle with these significant words:

"There is a Yankee frigate. In forty-five minutes she is certainly ours. Take her in fifteen and I promise you four months' pay!"

Alas for his anticipations! Thirty minutes after the battle began he was a much surprised and chagrined man.

What a picture the ship presented! What a contrast to her appearance an hour ago, when, with spars that searched the skies and with sails that extended out like the wings of a gigantic bird, she proudly rode the sea! Now she rolled, a helpless, sinking hull, a picture of ruin and destruction, blood-stained water gushing from her scuppers, her sides broken and battered by the Constitution's heavy shot, her bulwarks and rails smashed from the same cause and the impact of the falling spars. Three jagged upright pieces of timber showed where the masts had been. Many of her guns were dismounted and destroyed; some of them had broken loose and were swinging wildly to and fro; nearly one-third of her crew had been killed or wounded, and many were missing, probably carried overboard by the falling masts, and drowned. In short, she was a complete wreck.

Stepping aft to the quarter-deck, where Dacres, weak and faint from his wound, was sitting on an arm-chest despondently surveying his crew, who had abandoned all effort to clear the ship, and were hanging about in silent groups examining their antagonist, Read saluted him with a profound respect which seemed to touch the unfortunate Englishman. He opened the conversation by asking:

"Is that the Constitution?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is she still commanded by Captain Hull?"

"Yes, sir."

Thereupon Dacres showed his manliness. Instead of handing his sword to Lieutenant Read and pleading his severe wound as an excuse for not delivering it to Captain Hull in person, he remarked:

"If you will allow me the use of your boat, I will go aboard your ship and surrender my sword to Captain Hull."

So pitiful was the condition of Captain Dacres that Read ventured to remonstrate.

"Would it not be better for you to remain here for the present, Captain Dacres, in view of the wound from which you are suffering?"

"My lad," said the older man, looking at the younger one kindly and pointing toward his wounded back, "it is not this wound that causes me the suffering. No; I will go. It is only justice to your Captain."

Having descended to the boat, he was soon aboard of the Constitution. As he climbed the side with slow and painful steps he was tenderly assisted by the officers and men. Captain Hull met him on the gangway.

"I see you are wounded, Dacres," he said kindly. "Give me your hand."

"Sir," said Dacres formally, "my ship has surrendered, and I have come to deliver to you my sword," and he extended it toward the American.

"No, no," said Hull, generously waving it away. "I will not take a sword from one who knows so well how to use it." Then he added, with a merry twinkle of his eye, and laying his hand on Dacres' shoulder: "But, Dacres, I will take that hat."

"Very well, Captain," replied the other, making a gallant attempt to enter into the spirit of the claim; "you shall have the hat, and, if mine will fit you, I believe I will offer to lend you a pair of trousers as well."

"Gad!" said Hull, looking down at his small-clothes, which were waving in the breeze, "I forgot all about them until this minute!"

"It is the only wound you have sustained, I trust," said Dacres. "And the ship seems to be in equally good

Editor's Note—This story began in the Post of September 30.

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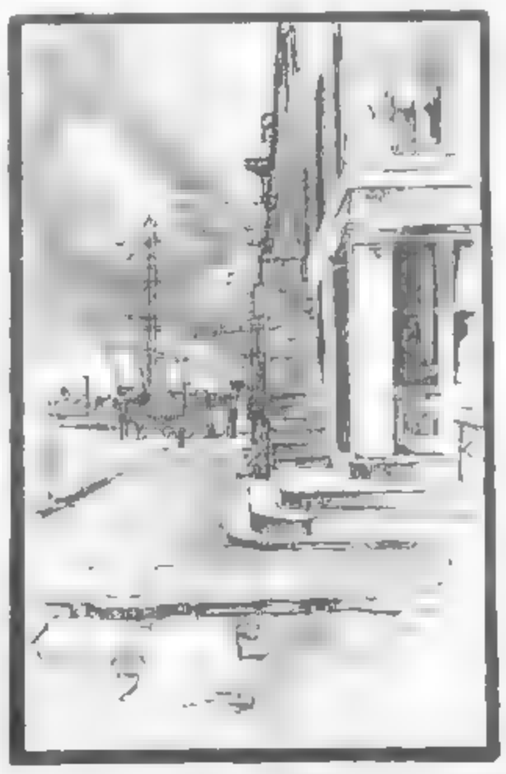
PAGE MISSING

I saw what I did not see before, from the brown and white carpet, the flowers in the glass shades, to the pier glasses where I had seen my shoes run down at the heel. Had New York not changed in all these years? I walked into the back parlor, and was arrested by the window shades painted with delightful landscapes!

It cheered me to see the London Punch on a table, also the London Illustrated Newspaper and Nicholas Nickleby Then the handsome cousin I remembered hurried in with a warm welcome. She took me to breakfast in the basement The children were there and so was the bachelor brother reading his newspaper. I knew he was a nabob on 'Change, but I saw that the elbows of his coat were shiny

He was a slender, low-voiced capitalist, who seemed more shy of me than I of him. Cousin P entered, the same well-dressed gentleman, in winter costume. The table was like our own except the silver forks My first letter home concerned the necessity of silver forks. By eight the two men left for their



BUILDING CORNER OF FRONT STREET AND OLD SLIP

The next day little Sukey invited me to Mrs. Malone's shop down the block for slate pencils and barley sticks. It was a poor place, but Mrs. Malone and Sukey being friends I was introduced as "Mother's cousin." "Indade, they might be sisters; they are alike as two banes."

She means beans," whispered Sukey. We walked to the old Rutgers estate. A street went through it and nearby was the stone church, "where," Sukey said, "we have a pew, because it is respectable, but Uncle Bachelor is a Universalist, and is going to build a church"—which he did

I went the first Sunday with Cousin S. and sat under the preaching of Doctor Krebles. I observed that when the congregation dispersed there was no exchange of greetings between my relative and the congregation. I believe that the city is still packed with families who have no real relations with church or society, who have no acquaintance with their neighbors except by their door-plates. Agnes told me that we should see somebody at dinner on Sunday always. "Captain Ben," a retired captain, was the first to come that day. The second was a pompous gentleman of our name on his way home from Washington. He spoke of the President, and he had met N. P. Willis, whose appearance, he said, looking at me, did not justify his popularity with young ladies. In common with all New England girls, I adored Willis. I whispered to Agnes the lines of one of his poems:

"The fisher hangs over his leaning boat
And ponders the silver sea"—

adding, "And I wish that man was drowned in it."

When I met Willis years afterward I found this opinion true. I never met so dull a talker, though he was then in his decline After dinner I overheard this pompous man say to Captain Ben, "You ought to know that B. caps a million, and I want him in our canal scheme." He then apologized for going early on account of calling upon a member of G. and M., "who, you know, married Miss Astor," and went away leaving us, of course, covered with frills

How many of the "four hundred" live on the east side of the town at the present? And are the women of their households contented without climbing rung by rung the ladder of society? I discovered soon that I was to know nothing of the "upper circles." There was no calling or giving in calling where I was. The "upper ten" was not mentioned. We could not converse about evening parties, as we had none and went to none. The friends and acquaintances were not reckoned by their wealth, and there was no entertaining unless I except Cousin S. in her entertainment of beggars and her help to the poor.

There was no ostentation anywhere. It so happened one day in summer that I went to the office in Pine Street. I climbed a flight of worn, unpainted stairs. Up under the rafters a partition shut off the stairs. Inside it I saw Cousin P. on a high stool before an old pine desk, his hat on the back of his head; he was in his shirt-sleeves. The windows were curtained with cobwebs and dust. Admiring this retreat I was sent to the office in Front Street. That was in a corner. The chief was in a wooden armchair; a large cigar was in his mouth, and tea-chests surrounded him This mild man sold only by the chest.

My first outing began in an omnibus of the Dry Dock Company, at a cost of ten cents. The descendants of the company now enjoy the fortune collected by ten cent pieces. We rode down East Broadway and got out at Chambers Street for Stewart's to buy a dress for a ball which was to come off at the Astor House, the most famous hotel, as sombre then as it is now

I was standing at ease while Cousin S examined material when I felt a tremor running through the clerks, and, following their eyes, I knew that they were looking at Stewart himself. Standing by a counter of light stuffs he tossed them over with his cane, and asked what the price was. This was my second Scotchman, he was sandy-haired also, but of a pale and severe countenance. The purchases made, we walked up Broadway to Williams & Stevens' picture store, to see the engravings of Cole's Voyage of Life.

The dresses of white silk muslin were made in a day at the house, and with little trimming. The flower in vogue that year was the Japonica, a species of camellia in white or red, worn in the hair or carried in the centre of the funnel-shaped bouquet—a stiff, heartless flower. I wore mine in my hair. The effect of the dancers on the floor was different from that of modern balls, because of the shortness of the skirts. A thousand feet in satin slippers twinkled over the floor, assisted by a company of the Light Guard in white uniforms. I noticed a number of elderly gentlemen known to Cousin P. They were members of the New England Society, of which he was treasurer. With these I danced solemn quadrilles. Supper was served in small rooms

The walls of the ballroom were draped with cloth for the occasion. Sitting against it I heard a scratching. Peeping behind a crack in it I saw an army of black cockroaches disporting. Of such trivial items is my memory burdened'

By this time I could find my way alone and was familiar with Grand Street. Lord and Taylor had moved there from Catherine Street. In Broadway I rarely went beyond the Carlton House, where Henry Russell "put up" when he sang in New York and made Dickens' Ivy Green popular. This summer, also, Sattler exhibited his famous Cosmoramas in a building put up for the purpose in the lone region of Thirteenth and Broadway.

Beyond, on the corner of Fourteenth Street, stood a large brick house belonging to the Roosevelt family. A popular drive was to Bloomingdale. At an inn there I saw an oak tree on the premises with a portrait of King Charles hung high in the boughs. Tennyson had not then written his beautiful poem, The Talking Oak—a famous brother-oak

"Wherein the younger Charles abode
Till all the paths were dim,
And far below the Roundhead rode
And hummed a surly hymn."

Happily, my relatives were extremely fond of the theatre. Mitchell's Olympic, Burton's in Chambers Street, and the Broadway were the best. The Bowery and the Chatham belonged to the "bhoys." Burton's company was a standard one, season after season. Burton himself, Brougham, Blake and Johnson acted with Mrs. Blake, Mrs. Russell, afterward Mrs. Hoey, Mrs. Knight and Miss Weston, who married Charles Matthews, and died lately in England. Lester Wallack was then at the Broadway, and the wandering stars appeared there for short engagements

It was at the theatre that I studied the fashions, and before midsummer—new clothes at Easter did not prevail then—I arranged a rehabilitment. Cousin S. introduced me to her milliner on Broadway and Warren Street She occupied finer rooms in a finer house than I was in. She builded far better than I knew. In a yellow silk bonnet, whose front was like a dome cut in half, a wreath of blue and yellow blossoms surmounted my face. My new dress was a peach bloom silk with pinked flounces. Gloves as green as grass, gray cloth boots with black tips, and a black lace mantilla finished my costume. Then came the evenings at Niblo's Garden and the Ravels.

I was summoned home suddenly, and as suddenly summoned back. The cholera fright had set the city wild. My young brother, a cadet in the house of Grinnell, Minturn and Co., was attacked with it, so the message ran, but he was well when I reached him. While I stayed we were in quarantine, on a strict diet of potatoes and beef, and boiled rice to excess. "The pestilence that walketh in darkness" made no show with us. The weather was perfect. All were in the best of health, with an uncommon lightness of spirit. Moreover, the Italian opera was at Castle Garden, the prime donne Bosio, Seteffanoni, Tedesco.

THE OLD STONE CHURCH CORNER RUTGERS AND HENRY STREETS

As Castle Garden was open to the public one could stroll in while the company rehearsed, as I did one morning, and saw the elegant Bosio in a crimson crêpe shawl walking about the stage with a parasol and chirping her part in Il [illegible]ni, while Badiali, a fine barytone, could not refrain from [illegible]ring his celebrated song. Foregoing these musical pleasures I went home. But a short time had elapsed when I heard that Monroe, Madison and Henry Streets had been wiped out by our colony, and that I was expected to find it in houses of sandstone in a fine street in Brooklyn. Of course with new anticipations I hurried again to the family with whom I was always at home. I expected the doors of society would be wide open, but they were not. The grooves were widened, especially by the young people, but Mrs. Grundy never walked over the velvet carpets in the new houses. Still the same cheerfulness prevailed as over the old brown and white carpets

[illegible] not relate why I was withdrawn from this old connection. Suffice it to say that by a happy chance I was a guest in the family of Judge R. The house was one of a stately row on Broadway, near the corner of Prince Street. In every way this was an easy house for the visitor, a strict one for the servants. We had delicious oyster suppers at night, and in the morning I saw the bedroom doors fortified with soda-water bottles. We promenaded Broadway down and up, and were always dressed for evening callers. The interests we should feel we did feel. Goupil had established a foreign picture agency that was a place of resort

The Academy of Design, if I am not mistaken, had its rooms over what was afterward Fleishman's bakery, and there I saw the pictures which first opened my eyes toward art—Vedder's Fata Morgana and Cropsey's Gulf of Genoa. The Dusseldorf School sent an exhibit here not long after which made a novel impression, but which the Impressionists now would stamp on. The Philharmonic concerts were much in the fashion then, as now. The theatre was with us always Burton brought out Dombey and Son, in which Captain Cuttle, wiping his face with a piece of toast on his hook, was a never-ending delight.

For literature we had The Saturday Evening Post, Knickerbocker Magazine, and the Albion newspapers, and Willis' Home Journal. Afternoon teas had not been introduced, but we had evening receptions adorned only with conversation. Singers, humorists, readers, had no place in them. So the days passed, the low descending sun of every day giving me aspirations to be the child of a first family In view of that I had our crest cut for a seal ring at Ball & Black's, and wore it proudly.

The summer before, I happened to be in a hotel in Berkshire when the news was spread one evening that W. Gilmore Simms, the novelist of the South, was visiting some friends, who wished to hold a reception for him, and that the guests of the hotel were invited. He was surrounded by a cordon of admirers. When we arrived he had both hands in his pockets and was haranguing loudly and rapidly.

I lost an illusion

I had been noticing in the Albion the poems of a young man, and, speaking of them a friend of the house asked me if I would go to one of Miss Lynch's receptions, where I might meet him. I might also see among others Bayard Taylor, who had become famous for his Views Afoot

Miss Lynch was then, and afterward, the only woman who succeeded in establishing a salon where literature and art were represented. It was an early ambition with her. She lived on Ninth Street. We left our wraps mostly on the floor. The two parlors were crowded. There were no introductions unless asked for, and no refreshments, and the two poets were absent

Most of the women were in evening dress. The men were in varied costume. One young man came in with his overcoat. An artist wore his gray sack, and beside him was a bewildering dude.

I never saw Miss Lynch on Ninth Street again. An accession of property enabled her to move into a large house in Thirty-Sixth Street, where she held her salon for years, simply by tact and grace of manner. She married Professor Botta, who entertained with her and had charge of the "poonch" bowl, as he called it. For a long time I met at her house many distinguished people. None has succeeded her in New York society. It was at her reception that the ever-running thread I have mentioned got into an inextricable knot, which has not been untied, and here I remain thinking that while times may change human nature remains the same in all ages.

"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES"

That are Making HISTORY

The Public Discussion of Great Problems

Before the newspaper became the habit of most of those able to read, it was said that "oratory is the mouth of a nation," but if we should go back to the letters of the earlier days we should find that while the orator had his triumphs he had also his critics.

There were thousands of good people who considered Clay a demagogue, and thousands of others who thought that Daniel Webster talked too much. Some people in Greece objected to the volubility of Demosthenes. The writer of these few years ago heard a most successful and worthy, but [illegible] Englishman remark at a dinner-table in London that Gladstone was "a sonorous old nuisance" whose existence was a serious handicap upon the welfare of the British Empire. When we recall these things we understand better the cheap flings at our present-day orators.

Unquestionably the decay of oratory as the expression of the popular will or the popular prejudices, is largely due to the evolution of the national legislature. This legislature, whether it be called Congress or Parliament or the Reichstag, has of necessity become more a business body than a school for speech-makers. In our own Congress, in all the heated discussion leading up to the late war, offering the largest opportunities for real eloquence for a quarter of a century, the most effective deliverance was that of Senator Redfield Proctor, of Vermont, who stated to a deeply interested Senate the facts about the condition of Cuba. It was tremendously effective, but at the same time, as far as the oratory of it was concerned, it was as plain, colorless and unemotional as an annual report of his very profitable Vermont marble quarries.

Congress simply does not offer the opportunities for eloquence that it once did, and from this comes the general idea that there are no opportunities for eloquence in the public life of the nation; but that is a mistake. For four years—from 1891 to 1895—William Jennings Bryan, of Nebraska, and William Bourke Cockran, of New York, were together in the House of Representatives as members of the same party. In those four years they had no chance to say anything to lift them above the average Representative who serves his term and is forgotten; but in other places both of these men have demonstrated that the power of the orator is no less strong to-day than it was generations ago. Cockran thrilled and swayed two great Presidential conventions. Bryan, by his notable speech and his catchy sentences, achieved one of the distinct oratorical triumphs of the century. Whether you agree with either of these men or not; whether you like their personalities or dislike them, there is no denying their possession of that indefinable inspiration which conquers great crowds. A sedate and cool headed man, who is now a distinguished Judge in one of the Eastern States, was asked why he voted for Bryan in the Chicago Convention, to which he was a delegate. His reply was: "I really don't know. The only thing I remember is that in the course of that speech I found myself standing on a chair and acting in a most undignified manner. It was purely delirium such as I had never felt before and never expect to feel again."

Bourke Cockran's feat in conquering the hostile convention and holding it through stress and storm for hours was a marvelous exhibition, and we have seen him display his power with equal effect. In the last campaign, when he talked and worked against his old colleague and friend, Bryan, a crowd in one of the cities packed the hall with the intention of howling him down. He met their assaults with a certain persuasive patience at first; then his voice rose and thundered, and within a half-hour he had them absolutely cowed. Seeing his advantage, he took, as if with inspiration, a flight of power and eloquence that turned the whole building into a pandemonium of enthusiasm. Then, springing to the front like a lion finishing his prey, he roared to his enemies, daring them to interrupt him again. There was no reason why they should not have done so, except the spell under which the orator had placed them.

The West's Earnestness on Big Questions

It is somewhat singular that oratory finds its largest opportunities in the West, but the explanation of it is probably in the fact that the West has a wider appreciation of the leading topics of the time, thus giving inspiration to those who would discuss them. In Chicago there is a non-partisan organization called the Civic Federation. From its initiative, and largely under its direction, a conference to consider the question of trusts was held. The central idea of it was that there should be a full and fair discussion of all sides of the question. To the invitations the Governors of thirty-five States sent delegates, leading commercial bodies and labor organizations were represented, and the program included over fifty speakers on subjects upon all possible aspects of the problem. One significant fact about the attendance was that the largest list of names consisted of college presidents and heads of political departments in colleges. The representative character of the gathering was astonishing. It all developed what has been stated in these columns several times, that the big question before the people to-day is that of the modern business monopolies.

Professor Kinley, of the University of Illinois, presented to the convention a report on the information gathered by the Civic Federation concerning trusts. Nearly one hundred of the articles and products in common use cannot be bought outside of trusts, and these include such things as anthracite coal, dress goods, coffee, glass, iron and steel, kerosene oil, liquors, stoves, starch, lumber, yeast cakes, and many other things which need not be mentioned here. Of the dealers, more than two-thirds replied that the trusts had decreased their business and profits, and nine tenths stated that prices rose after the combinations were made. With few exceptions, the men representing wide interests and the different parties proclaimed that the trusts were bad.

The Special Favors of the Railroads

One development of the conference was that the college professors were fully as much alarmed over the growth of the combinations as the politicians. The official statement opening the proceedings was made by Professor Jenks, of Cornell University, representing the United States Industrial Commission. He brought out one of the points which was alluded to by almost every speaker—that is, the charge that the success among all the leading combinations of capital has been due to special favors granted them by discriminating rates of railroads. This was emphasized a little later by President Henry C. Adams, of the University of Michigan, who declared that "the business of transportation underlies all other business; it determines the conditions on which other forms of industry are carried on, and by the manipulation of rate schedules, tone, color and character can be given to industrial society at large." Professor Graham Brooks continued this subject, and said that "if the worst enemy of the railroad whom you can name were elected President of the United States, and if he should pack the Interstate Commerce Commission with the worst Populists of the land, those men would never dare to do the reckless and indecent things which the managers of railroads themselves have done." At the end of his address he added: "If the combinations are to work for the public as well as for the private good, three things must be brought about: First, absolute publicity; second, removal of tariff aids; third, abolition of railway discrimination." During the conference much was said against the tariff, but a great deal more was said against discrimination on the part of railroads.

Ex-Governor Foster's Defense of the Trusts

It must not be supposed that the trusts did not have their defendants. Several able and carefully prepared speeches were delivered tending to show that the modern consolidations represent great economy in labor and material. Ex-Governor Foster, of Ohio, took as his theme the evolution in business from the individual to partnership, and from partnership to the corporation, and from that declared that it was perfectly natural for this same evolution to extend from the corporation to the trust. "Denounce it as we may," he declared, "it has come to stay. Why? Because the gigantic business operations of the present and future cannot be carried on without it. Through the trust the enormous waste that is entailed upon business operations by competition is saved; the product and the service performed is cheapened; labor will have the better opportunity to enhance wages and shorten hours of toil, as is so signally illustrated in the railroad service of the country. Through the trust the superior inventive genius of our people (because of universal education) will have improved opportunity. Have no fear that the trusts will seriously impose upon the people in the prices that will have to be paid for their products. The germs of death are in them, and their only method to prevent an early demise is to avoid extortion.

"It may be a debatable question whether the Standard Oil Company has been and is a blessing to the country. Certain it is, however, that it has developed an industry, in something more than thirty years, from practically nothing to an annual volume of perhaps more than $150,000,000, of which it retains about $25,000,000 and gives $125,000,000 to the people of the country. It has greatly lessened the cost of light; it is paying more than $100,000,000 annually for oil and labor, and pays its labor more than any other employees receive. It has added more than $1,000,000,000 to the wealth of the country, and contributes $60,000,000 a year to our credit in its exports."

Mr. Foster, while defending the trusts, admitted that there were reasons why they should be controlled by law. He believed in a board of government, or a board similar to the Interstate Commerce Commission, to be established, to which all trusts shall apply for license, and to which as full and exhaustive reports as are required by the national banks shall be made, and all profits beyond six per cent. taxed for the general government. His words in favor of trusts were not popular with the audience.

Views of Some of the Extremists

Of course in a conference of such liberality of representation and liberty of speech there were many interesting and extreme utterances but all the speakers, as a rule, seemed to want to express themselves conservatively. Even Mr. Tucker, of New York, who spoke upon the attitude of anarchism toward industrial combinations, used some very reasonable and striking sentences.

A representative of the commercial travelers showed that the hotels had lost seriously from the trusts because the combination business houses sent out fewer representatives upon the road. The loss of the drummer would make life a great deal less attractive for hundreds of thousands of people, and would rob the towns and villages and cities of their most welcome friends.

It might be supposed that Governor Hazen S. Pingree, of Michigan, whom the newspapers irreverently call "Potato Patch Pingree" because of his experiments in agricultural [illegible]ology, would have contributed something radical to the [illegible] But his paper was one of the most thoughtful of [illegible] and its title, The Effect of Trusts upon Our [illegible] and Citizenship, showed how seriously he approached his topic.

"The strength of our Republic has always been in what is called our middle class," he said. "This is made up of manufacturers, jobbers, middlemen, retail and wholesale merchants, commercial travelers and business men generally. It would be little short of calamity to encourage any industrial development that would affect unfavorably this important class of our citizens. Close to them, as a strong element of our people, are the skilled mechanics and artisans. They are the sinew and strength of the nation."

He argued that the growth of the trust kills inventive genius, reduces the morale and productiveness of the individual, institutes a new industrial slavery, and inevitably ends in commercial disaster. In another place he denounced the trusts as "a monstrous commercial deformity having no conscience. The only way to kill the evil is to stamp it out," he declared. "A Federal law will do it."

The Great Speeches of the Orators

"Come, give us a taste of your quality," said Hamlet to the players, and that is the attitude of the average man who wants to be instructed or entertained. In the conference there was much rhetoric, and there were great parades of figures. But it needed a climax to fasten the interest, and this came in the speeches of the two orators, Messrs. Cockran and Bryan. Each thrilled a great audience. Each speech was punctuated with applause, laughter and enthusiasm, all the demonstrations that could be evoked by eloquence. Personally, the two men won decided triumphs. But after the speeches were condensed, with that cool business calculation peculiar to Americans, very little remained to give hope to the man who wants to curb monopolies.

Mr. Cockran's speech was an elaborate oration on the progress of the world and the increasing opportunities for enterprise. He did not believe in placing restrictions upon the individual or the combination of individuals. He believed in great publicity for the affairs of large corporations exercising public functions, and he believed that this publicity, with such regulations as might be necessary, would do all the reform needed. In one of his speeches—for he made two—he exclaimed: "God Almighty is guiding His people, and the height we have reached is not a dizzy eminence from which we have any reason to feel that we shall fall to disaster!"

Mr. Bryan denounced trusts as inherently bad. There are no good trusts, he said. His plan for their regulation included three heads: First, the State should have the right to create whatever private corporations the people of the State think best; second, each State should have the right to protect itself from the corporations of other States—that is, it should say whether or not a corporation of another State can do business in its limits without its permission; third, the Federal Government has, or should have, the right to impose such restrictions as Congress may think necessary upon any corporation which does business outside of the State in which it was organized. If such a law were not constitutional, Mr. Bryan would have the Constitution altered.

Why the Issue is Sectional

"Speech that leads not to action—still more, that hinders it—is a nuisance on the earth," wrote Carlyle in one of his letters. All the speech making of the trust conference in Chicago led to no action, and under Carlyle's dictum it might be pronounced a failure. But the general sentiment was that this meeting, which was one of the most extraordinary ever held in the country, had done great good by the simple exchange of views. The different interests compromised by adopting resolutions which meant nothing more than that the conference had been held. After it was over, however, some of the members met and organized an anti-trust meeting, and the following week an anti-trust conference was held in St. Louis, being attended by the Governors or Attorneys-General of eleven of the Western and Southern States. This conference adopted Mr. Bryan's views. The intense interest in the West and South and Southwest is largely due to the fact that practically all the trusts operate from the New England and Eastern States.

MEN AND WOMEN OF THE HOUR

Close-Range Studies of Contemporaries

The New Commander of the Grand Army

Colonel Albert Duane Shaw, the new Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, was born in the town of Lyme, New York. He took part in the battles of Rappahannock Station, Bull Run, Chantilly, South Mountain, Antietam and Fredericksburg. After serving two years in the war he was appointed a special agent of the War Department at Watertown, New York. When the war was over he entered St Lawrence University, and, after graduation became Assemblyman for his district in the Empire State Legislature. In the line of political promotion he left the Assembly to become Consul at Toronto, and relinquished that position to take up the duties of Consular Agent at Manchester, England. When he returned from England he settled in Watertown, where he now resides, and became interested in the development of electrical power at Niagara Falls.

COLONEL ALBERT D. SHAW

One of Colonel Shaw's purposes has been to carry the study of patriotism into the public schools. In 1897 he was appointed a member of the Committee of Patriotism in the public schools of the State, and he was a most earnest worker. He suggested ways and means of teaching patriotic drilling, reading and singing in the public schools.

In November of that year Colonel Shaw and his committee visited the grammar schools of New York City, where they were enthusiastically received. In one school upon the East Side Colonel Shaw made a thrilling address, and at the close said:

"Life is a great battle, and all the little boys are the soldiers. The schoolhouses are the forts, and the books are the weapons. Now, what should you little soldiers do with those books?"

A bright-eyed little fellow answered breathlessly:

"Throw them at our enemies."

Carnegie's Collection of Comic Valentines

Andrew Carnegie, having recently opened another free library, is about to build himself a new home in New York City. It is said of the "Steel King" that whenever he gives a free library he builds a new residence, and *vice versa*. The most striking feature of the establishment is to be the grounds, which will be laid out like those of Edinboro town. The palace will cost up in the millions, but, as Mr. Carnegie himself puts it, will be no more of a treasure to him than the first house he built in this country for his mother, which cost under $900. As he devotes much time to argumentative writing, Mr. Carnegie has a literary workshop in his present residence in New York, and will have one even more extensive in the new home. His present workshop is a joy to the young who are allowed in it. The walls are covered with photographs, rough sketches and cartoons cut from the newspapers. A little boy, the son of a railroad man, once remarked upon this collection:

"Papa, doesn't Mr. Carnegie get more comic valentines than anybody else in the world?"

Corea's American Prime Minister

In the recent death of General C. W. Le Gendre the world has lost a man of extraordinary genius. He was born in Paris, France, and received the best education afforded by that city. He was graduated with the highest honors, especially in science, from the University of Paris, and came to the United States in the early fifties. He soon became prominent in scientific circles, and received many flattering offers from Columbia, Harvard, and, it is said, also from Yale, to join their Faculties. About that time the Civil War broke out and he joined the Union Army, where he won swift promotion, and at the close of the conflict was a Brigadier General. In 1866 he was appointed United States Consul at Amoy, China, where he remained six years. His official career at that post made him famous throughout the Far East. He was the first foreign Consul to resent the arrogance of the Mandarins, and, as he put it himself, "to teach them the manners of Christendom."

He induced the Chinese Government to make Formosa a tea district, and to his efforts are due the famous Formosa oolongs of to-day. He was appointed United States Minister to Buenos Ayres, but resigned this post to become the head of the Japanese Foreign Department. He worked day and night upon the scheme which changed Japan from feudalism to modern civilization. He was made a Prince and received many orders and titles. In 1884 he was recommended by the Japanese Government to the Emperor of Corea as the wisest and best teacher Japan could supply. He went to Seoul, where he took a position equivalent to Prime Minister, which he held until his death. In [illegible] made gold mining a national industry, opened the doors of the Hermit Kingdom to foreigners, and started the movement for independence from China, which resulted in the Chinese-Japanese War.

When he first came to Corea the country was in an extraordinary condition of savagery. He stood it for a week, when things came to a climax. Needing money, he sent a messenger to the Imperial Treasurer for two thousand dollars. The next morning while in bed he was aroused by a terrible uproar in front of his palace. He rose quickly, and, with sword in one hand and revolver in the other, went to the door to meet, as he supposed, a mob. In place of rioters he saw an army of porters, each one carrying a huge bag of rice. In answer to Le Gendre's demand for an explanation, he was told that all Treasury drafts were paid in rice. This experience was one of the causes which led to the establishment of a monetary system in Corea.

Archdeacon Brady's Lesson in Fencing

"When I was a cadet at the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis in the early eighties," said the Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brady, former Archdeacon of Pennsylvania and the author of For the Freedom of the Sea, the other day, "the fencing master was an old Frenchman, and it was no mockery to call him a master of his weapon. He used to give us the single-stick exercise, for instance, and then innocently call out for any six of us to come at him at once. A brief mêlée would result in six bruised heads of which the fencing master's was never one. The position of a fencer requires that the right leg should be thrust forward, the lower limb from the knee down being perpendicular. While practicing with broadswords one day a certain cadet thought he had discovered a new and brilliant attack. Rapidly disengaging, he would drop down and viciously cut at the extended right leg below the knee. A blow on the shins is not a pleasant one, and the cut was invariably successful. The man with whom that cadet would fence could never turn his sword down quickly enough to parry the stroke.

CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

"The old Frenchman watched the performance for some time, and finally called upon the ambitious youth to try the stroke upon him while the rest of the class looked on. Everybody knew that something was coming, but what it was nobody could imagine. At any rate, the cadet made the attempt boldly. At the proper moment he dropped down like a flash and made a swoop with his blade at that right leg, which would have taken it off if it had struck. The sword only cut the air. Instead of attempting the impossible parry, the Professor straightened himself, deftly threw back his leg and, with all the force of his arm, brought down his sword upon the padded head-mask of his unwitting victim.

The blow was so strong that I found myself in a dazed condition, the rest of the class vociferously shouting. I had been nearly driven through the floor."

Immigration Defended by a Real American

When the General Federation of Women's Clubs meets in Congress at the Paris Exposition, if all the plans which are contemplated are carried out, the first club of Indian women, "The Wabanaki," of Indian Island, Maine, will be represented by Miss Lucy Nicolar, the youngest member. Miss Nicolar is a daughter of the late Joseph Nicolar, who was one of the heads of the Penobscot tribe and for many years their representative in the Maine State Legislature. She has been well educated at the Oldtown public schools, a high school, a Catholic convent and a seminary. Her father was the author of several successful books of Indian legends. She inherits his literary talent, and is carrying on his work.

She probably excels, however, in music, public speaking and recitation. These gifts were all well exemplified at a club reception held last year in New York, and at which she was a guest of honor. The program contained many numbers which had to be left out on account of the non-appearance of the artists. The President was getting very nervous, and, in fact, so was the audience, when the little Indian maid offered her services. She seated herself at the piano and began to play Chopin's serenade. But she discovered that that kind of music was not popular enough, so she dropped into Sousa's marches. For an encore she sang a French song, and, as her auditors continued to applaud, she recited The Last Leaf, by Oliver Wendell Holmes.

MISS LUCY NICOLAR

A debate upon our immigration laws came next on the program, and a noted sociologist took the floor and spoke vigorously against letting foreigners into America at all. A second speaker reenforced her. Then another and another followed, and a climax was reached when a woman doctor made a motion that no foreigners be allowed to come into the country for twenty-five years. Then Miss Nicolar rose and said:

"Ladies, I believe I am the only real American in the room. I think you are very narrow and selfish. If the rules you argue for had been laid down two centuries and a half ago you would not any of you be here. I think you aliens ought to feel a sympathy for these later immigrants."

The motion was tabled indefinitely.

TOLD MORE BRIEFLY

The English Rival of Depew.—The best after-dinner speaker in London is said to be L. F. Austin, a well-known contributor to the English weekly press. His columns of comment in the London Illustrated News and in Sketch are among the best known bits of individual work in the English press. Mr. Austin has been particularly happy in his talks at the Authors' Club receptions to Mark Twain and Professor Charles G. D. Roberts; it is even reported that Ambassador Choate has complimented him warmly. Mr. Austin is an American by birth, and his childhood was passed in Brooklyn.

Justice, Though the Heavens Fall.—Ex Supreme Court Justice Frederick Ward, of New York, is noted for his self-possession and quick wit. Once while in the middle of an argument at special term he was interrupted by the sudden fall of a large piece of plaster from the cornice of the court-room. Before the dust had settled, Ward observed, "*Fiat justitia, ruat* ceiling."

Reading Kruger's Bumps.—A New York phrenologist of fame has recently read the head of "Oom Paul" Kruger, President of the Transvaal Republic. This style of character-reading showed that the old statesman's bump of veneration is larger than the organ of benevolence; that his perceptive powers are large; that he is particularly strong in the sense of form, size and weight, and would make an admirable marksman. However that may be, President Krüger was one of the best rifle shots in the country when he was a boy, and it is said that even now he can split a card set edgewise in a tree twenty yards distant. In stature he is over six feet tall when he stands erect, and a recently returned traveler likens him in appearance to Abraham Lincoln.

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The Safeguarding of Liberty

THERE are very comfortable signs that the spasms of fright over the future of this nation are subsiding. Between those who want it to start forth to conquer the world and to make all people free whether they wish freedom or not, and those who pictured the war as the beginning of national dissolution and as a crime against innocent people, there have lived and moved and had their being the great majorities of all classes and conditions who felt that everything would be all right, and who kept on in their daily work unmoved by the cries or alarms of either or any faction. As we hear from these great masses of population, the conviction grows that there is nothing in the prospect of this country to cause anybody or any class to become unduly excited. General Benjamin Harrison, one of the sanest, if not one of the greatest, of our Presidents, showed his happy faculty of describing conditions and policies when he was in the White House; but he probably never said anything more apt or useful than this recent deliverance: "The United States have no desire for war or conquest, and their duty is limited outside their own borders to the safeguarding of liberty."

This distinction is one of the cleanest and clearest yet drawn by any one, and it is vital. There is pride in the fact that it has been the consistent policy of this Government. It has stood for liberty in the highest sense; it has fought for it; it has worked for it; and so long as it keeps its ideal the strength of the nation must of necessity increase. There is compensation in all things, and one reason why the United States Government not only preserved its own safety, but enjoyed happiness beyond all precedents in history, is that it has never prostituted itself to mere gain. It may sound strange to say this of a people who are regarded as commercial, but it is a fact that in the conscience and the humanity of life they have lifted the world to the highest plane of right and liberty it has ever known, and through their agency the elevation is still going on. In the safeguarding of liberty the American people become the example to mankind.

—LYNN ROBY MEEKINS

Few paying crops grow in the field of politics.

The North-Star Scandal

THERE is not much left us—possibly the equator, maybe the equilateral triangle; and some people still pretend to a belief in the Rock of Gibraltar, though the more conservative are very wisely waiting for further evidence. Until the present time there was one other thing which it seemed tolerably safe to speak of without an indulgent smile, and that was the North Star; but this, too, has now gone; or if not exactly gone, facts have been brought out about it which show that it has been gaining attention under false pretenses and that the cautious citizen can no longer put his trust in it. The present writer hopes that he has proper modesty, and it is far from his intention to cry "I told you so," but he feels that there is no reason why he should conceal the truth.

The scandal about the North Star comes from the Lick Observatory. For some time it has been known in astronomical circles that the North Star is shooting toward the earth at the rate of sixteen miles a second, but this has been hushed up and the hardy allegorical mariner has continued to steer by it. But the last revelation is too much; murder will out; and away goes one of the standard figures of the poets. The North Star is shown by the spectroscope to be, in reality, three stars, two of them revolving rapidly around each other, and these two finding time also to swing around the third. What this third sphere is doing is not stated, but we may suspect that, after the manner of heavenly bodies, it is revolving around the interesting pair; and the whole flock coming this way at a velocity of sixteen miles a second.

The case seems to be as extraordinary as that reported by the unhappy (and non-astronomical) Hubert de Burgh, when there was a matter of five moons observed, four stationary, while the fifth did disport itself about the neighborhood with wondrous motion. Perhaps the mere approach of the Polaris family need not for the present alarm us, since it is still something like two hundred and fifty-five billions of miles away; but the fact that the North Star is not a unit but a community will work another hardship for the poet. When he steers his barque or other maritime tool of his trade (it usually *is* a barque, and with a "q," too, if the poet has any influence with the printer) toward the ever-fixed star, it will bring a smile to the face of the reader as he recalls that it is really a trio of roysterers, unfixed, so to say, to the tune of nine hundred and sixty miles a minute, not to mention the little personal gyrations.

We live in an iconoclastic and unpoetical age; and must make shift to steer our barques by the compass, which implement, as everybody knows, points in any direction except North. The poets ought to sue the astronomers for damages.

—[illegible]

The real midgets of the world are those who are smaller than their creeds.

Titles in America

WE ARE monstrously fond of titles in the United States. A little while ago a Federal Judge in a Western Territory told me that if he should receive a letter that was not addressed to "The Honorable" he would decline to read it, taking for granted that the writer desired to treat him with indignity. This recalls the story of the Georgia lawyer who had been elevated to the bench. His wife said to him: "Law, John, if you be Judge, what be I?"

"Oh," was the ungallant reply, "you will be the same old fool you always were."

But it is not unheard of for wives of men of rank to take the husband's titles. All of us have heard of "Mrs. General Smith," of "Mrs. Doctor Jones," and even of "Mrs. Reverend Brown." When I went to school I was taught that this was a vulgar practice, and that idea has still some vitality, though I do not know that it deserves it. If we use the husband's title in addressing the wife by way of description and identification, it has a certain use; if we use it merely to flatter, that is another matter. In Continental Europe this form of address is almost universal.

As a matter of fact, most of the titles of courtesy used in this country are quite unwarranted. When the matter was discussed in the convention which framed the Constitution of the United States, titles were threshed over extensively. It was proposed to call the President "His Majesty," "His Highness," "His Mightiness" and "His Excellency." But the plain sense of the plain people prevailed, and our Chief Executive, who wields a power greater than any constitutional sovereign in the world, is merely "The President." If we have had it decided for us that we are not to call our chief official any of these things, it seems absurd that lesser officers should be so called. And it is absurd, and, except in Massachusetts, without warrant of law. In Massachusetts it was gravely decreed that the Governor should be "His Excellency," and the Lieutenant-Governor "The Honorable."

Our Ministers to foreign countries get used to being called "Your Excellency," and the attachés and clerks in an Embassy often speak of their chief in that way. It is very ridiculous. They never by any chance receive such complimentary decorations from the State Department. When Mr. Choate went abroad in the spring his instructions were addressed to Joseph H. Choate, Esquire. Yet an Alderman in Oshkosh or Kalamazoo would expect to be called "The Honorable." The use of Esquire in America is rather puzzling. In England it is attached to the names of men in the gentry and to professional men whose social position elevates them above that of tradesmen. Here it is go-as-you-please; but year by year it is going out of use.

Our fondness for titles and decorations of honor is also expressed in the badges we wear. Take a thousand Americans at random and nine hundred will have on badges signifying membership in some kind of society all the way from a Masonic lodge to the Grand Army of the Republic and a bicycle club. And the less important the association the more numerous and conspicuous the decorating badges. Even though we are Americans and democrats, a good deal of the prenatal monkey still survives in our nature.

—JOHN GILMER SPEED.

Living within one's income meant success.

The Bugbear of the Private School

A CONTEMPORARY paragrapher comments with rather more gloom than the facts seem to warrant upon the great increase of private schools in this country. It disconcerts him that they should multiply as they do. Formerly, he says, the public schools were good enough for all children except the few that were weak in mind or body, but now—"in our great cities and their suburbs, at least—the private schools seem likely to get every child whose parents can afford to pay their fees." He finds this state of things full of menace to the public schools, which, he fears, will lose repute by becoming schools for the poor only. He fears that if all American children don't go to the same sort of schools class distinction will spring up and the population will cease to be homogeneous.

He seems to be overanxious. It is true that private schools are increasing fast in number and merit, but it is not true that there was ever a time when all American children except the feeble ones went to the public schools. There have been private schools in this country ever since there were white children here to be educated and parents who preferred them to the public schools have sent their children to them. That the number of private schools in the country is greater in proportion to the country's wealth and population than it was thirty years ago has not been shown and is probably not true. Private schools are a luxury, and the reason they have multiplied is not because of any prejudice against the public schools, but because within twenty years the number of persons in the United States who can afford luxuries has enormously increased. The public schools in this country are good, as a rule, and many of them are admirable. No one despises them, or is likely to; but many persons think the best of the private schools are better. A school is apt to be made by its head master. If he is a superior man and a great educator parents will be apt to get the idea that it is an advantage to their boys to be trained by him. So a notable woman will make a notable school for girls. Provided a private school is a good school, there is no sound objection to it.

There are advantages about the acquaintance that a child gets in a public school with the general run of contemporaneous humanity. Many parents have a strong democratic distaste for any education for their children which they think will tend to make them unduly exclusive, and for that reason they are inclined to send them to the public schools. But against that consideration is usually weighed the possibility that in a good private school the child may be better taught, and the undoubted advantage of that is apt to outweigh the possibly sentimental advantage of a more democratic raising.

Then, too, in almost all large cities, which are the chief feeders of private schools, the public schools are at present very much overcrowded.

If the private schools turn out superior men and women, they are a blessing to the country. If they don't, they are a bad investment for those who patronize them, and not to be feared as rivals of the public schools. They are not to be feared anyway, for they are too expensive to increase overmuch, and the public schools are too cheap and too efficient ever to fail in attracting their full share of the more desirable scholars.

—E. S. MARTIN.

Ridiculing another for doing something is a good way for a person to advertise his own failures.

An Opportunity for a Napoleon

OUTNUMBERED as they are, it is assumed that in a war with Great Britain the Boers must be hopelessly overmatched. Doubtless this is true under present conditions; but if the Boers had a leader with the energy, audacity and resourcefulness of Napoleon things might be different. The odds against them are less than they were against Frederick the Great when he fought all Europe.

In the first place, they have a heavy preponderance of force on the spot. This is an inestimable advantage when the enemy's reinforcements must be transported ten thousand miles. A Dutch Napoleon could combine the forces of the Transvaal and of the Orange Free State, bring the Boers of the Cape to his standard, and sweep every vestige of British military power out of South Africa before the first troop-ships from England could reach Cape Town. The British commanders would then have the problem of effecting a landing on a hostile coast in the face of an immensely superior enemy, and unless they sent a whole Armada at once they could expect to see each detachment they landed cut off.

The Boers have threatened to wreck the mines at Johannesburg to ruin the British stockholders. A Napoleon would imagine no such folly. He would not destroy the mines—he would take possession of them. It is estimated that if the workings were not interrupted their output this year would reach $100,000,000. With such a revenue in gold at his disposal a Napoleon could hire a mercenary army from all the corners of the earth. He could enlist a hundred thousand of the most desperate fighters in America, Germany, Scandinavia, Hungary and Russia. They would get to him, though the British Navy blockaded every port.

Long before England could land an army capable of making head against him, this Napoleon would make the whole of South Africa, from the Zambesi to the Cape, thoroughly Dutch. He would disarm the English population of the Cape Colony and Natal and expel its leaders. He would find ways of bringing in immigrants from Holland. He would conciliate the natives, who now hate the Boers on account of their brutal oppressiveness, but who could be easily stirred up to revolt against British domination if approached with tact and liberal promises. Black brigades could be organized that would do as good fighting as was done by Kitchener's native regiments in the Soudan. England would find within two months that the task before her was the conquest of a quarter of a continent.

Great Britain's chief strength, her Navy, is of no use against the Transvaal. It could operate only against ports that are already English. As against the Boers, therefore, it is only a defensive force, under whose guns English fugitives may find shelter. To reach the seat of the Boer power is a land operation, and in modern times England has not been very formidable on land. A Boer Napoleon could meet her there with prospects of success.

—SAMUEL E. MOFFETT.

At the English Court

Of late years Mr. W. Clark Russell has been living in Bath, his house overlooking a beautiful public park or garden, which, as he is confined to outings in a bath chair, is a great solace to a man who so dearly loves Nature. Although an Englishman from keel to truck, he was born in New York. His father, still alive at a great old age, is Henry Russell, famous as the composer and singer of popular songs of fifty years ago—The Land of the Free, Jim Crow and similar ballads.

America should cherish the memory of Henry Russell, for his songs and stories turned many an honest and capable man's attention to the States, and caused countless scores of them to emigrate. Clark Russell frequently tells the story of how his parents arrived well-nigh penniless in New York, and Mrs. Russell sat down on the curb guarding the luggage and waited while her husband hunted for cheap lodgings. Shortly after her boy, who was destined to become so famous, was born. Every reader of Clark Russell's stories is at once impressed with the genuineness of the descriptions of sea-scapes and the workings of a fine merchantman upon the waters. Not only did Clark Russell go to sea as a midship man and work his way up to second mate on a smashing East Indiaman in the days of round the Horn to India and China, but now, in his retirement, he is kept up to date and his memory burnished by a knot of old sea-captains, many of them still in active service, who sit around his hearth and yarn through many pipefuls of tobacco. For a wonder—indeed, it is the highest compliment that can be paid a novelist—the practical men of the merchant service are devoted readers of his works, and swear by him.

Before Clark Russell "arrived" he wrote inoffensive society stories which he has allowed quietly to die. They had a certain small popularity, but the Thames continued to flow water instead of fire. Their author was too fresh from the hard, brutal work and salt-horse of the ocean to see the romance that lay in life a-shipboard. But one day in the working out of a plot he was forced to deal with a ship and her crew, and when the book was published it began to sell rapidly. Such a contrast betwixt the sale of his hitherto best book and John Holdsworth, Chief Mate, was not to be explained by mere chance of writing. So Mr. Russell sat down and thought the whole matter out, at last arriving at the conclusion that the secret of success lay in the description of the sea and life upon the sea. Without a day's delay he began The Wreck of the Grosvenor, finished it in an exceptionally short time, and, assured that it would be accepted as soon as read, sent it to a popular publisher whom he knew personally.

He had not long to wait for a reply, and it was a crusher. The publisher wrote him a friendly little note to this effect:

> "You see, my boy, how matters stand. My reader, whom you know is herself a most popular writer, and knows what the public want, says of your MS. 'If you desire to publish a catalogue of ship's furniture, publish this; but if it is a novel you are after, send this MS. back.'"

Clark Russell felt disappointed, but not a bit discouraged. He at once passed the manuscript into the care of another publisher, the book came out, and, as the world knows, had a phenomenal sale. When the edition making up the fifty thousandth copy came out with that fact stated upon it, Mr. Russell took a copy, underlined the "fifty thousand" and wrote underneath: "In case you should ever require a catalogue of ship's furniture, allow me to present you with this one," and posted it on to the publisher's reader. Clark Russell has been responsible for a freshening up of English interest in that beautiful American writer, Herman Melville, of whom Russell has written in English publications most glowing things.

The great Baron Grant is dead. By company promotions he accumulated money beyond the dreams of avarice—but still dreamt the dreams and reduced himself to poverty. He was the butt of more clever epigrams than perhaps any Englishman of the present century, for people who are robbed are apt to be bitter. Every American visitor to London sees Leicester Square and its public garden, with a statue of Shakespeare in the centre, and at the four corners statues of famous men connected with the romantic and historic district. The houses in the streets near by are studded with tablets recording that such men as Reynolds and Hogarth lived there, and many more tablets could with advantage be placed against the now blank walls. This square, in Baron Grant's days of prosperity, was a mudflat. Grant bought it and turned it into a beautiful garden. But when Londoners began to realize how Grant had made the money he so lavished they turned up their noses at the gift and no one of outstanding importance could be got to declare the gardens open. Already the sarcastic epigrams began to appear. One regarding Leicester Square ran:

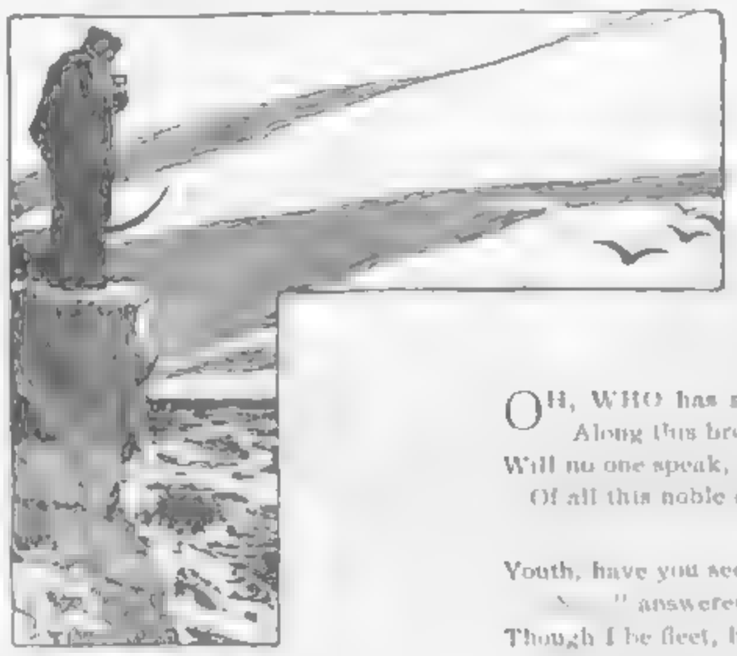
> "But will the world forget these flowers of Grant's
> Are but the product of his city plants?
> And who for trees and walks will give him praise
> For wealth thus spent as gained—in shady ways?
> In short, what can he hope from this affair
> Save to connect his name with—one thing square."

Walter Crane, who has for some years been at the head of the art department at South Kensington, has resigned the post, and the Governors are on the lookout for one capable of keeping the famous art school at the head of affairs in the metropolis. Their choice has not as yet been announced, but all indications point to the mantle of Crane and other famous men falling upon the shoulders of that remarkably versatile gentleman, Mr. George C. Haité. Much of Mr. Haité's work has gone to America, to parts where they know a good thing in the way of art when they see it. He is President of the Society of Designer-Craftsmen, President of the London Sketch Club, and has been for years a member of almost every art club in England; he was one of the founders of the Japan Society, a most active worker in the Langham Sketch Club, and, besides being the foremost designer in this land of designers, he is a brilliant public speaker and caustic wit. The other day, when the majority of the newspapers were speculating as to the name of the successor to Crane, and suggesting—most of them, at least—that Haité was the best man, an article signed by Joseph Pennell appeared in the London Star. In this article Mr. Pennell said that although a man might be a very clever designer it did not follow that he would be a successful director of South Kensington. This attack, a quite legitimate one, of course, reminded many who heard it of the night when Haité and Pennell had a great gathering of artists around them and all were discussing an art subject with the eagerness ever present in such a group. Haité, who is a volatile spirit and holds decided opinions, and, moreover, knows how to give them voice, had made a statement. "But," interrupted a brother artist, "Pennell holds differently." "Bless you, my boy," rang out Haité's voice, "no one takes Pennell seriously—except his company." A shout of laughter went up, for they all knew Pennell well, and he is a serious man for such a brilliant artist.

When Kitchener, who is now Lord Kitchener, of Khartum, returned from the Soudan after the annihilating victory of Omdurman, nothing too good could be done for him. His reception was strikingly splendid, and enthusiasm was unbounded. The cause of the outburst was not altogether that he had smashed the Dervishes so thoroughly. It was to a great extent due to the action of France, and by hailing Kitchener as a conqueror the English people wished to convince the French that Britain was solid on the question of holding the country acquired, and that the little force of hardy Frenchmen then stationed at Fashoda must move on. But an interest was added when it became noised about that Kitchener obviously kept clear of the ladies, that he, in fact, cared nothing for female society, and did not shine in mixed company.

This report reached the ears of the Queen, who is nothing if not a motherly woman. All her life Her Majesty has taken keen delight in making up matches for the ladies who surround her. Hence her consternation when she learned that her latest victorious General disliked ladies, and showed no disposition to bind his sword to his waist with an apron string. At an early date Kitchener was summoned to Windsor to see the Queen. Immediately after the formalities had been got through with and when Her Majesty had succeeded in placing her distinguished subject perfectly at his ease—a difficult task usually, but the Queen is an adept at performing it—Her Majesty suddenly said: "I hear that you do not care for any women." Kitchener actually blushed, even though his cheeks were burned by the sun and the hot winds of the desert. At length he stammered. "I assure Your Majesty that you have been misinformed. There is one woman I care greatly for." The match making light came into the Queen's eyes and she eagerly asked him if he would mind telling her whom the one exception was. "With pleasure," answered the General; "the one exception is Your Majesty." The Queen slightly threw up her hands and enjoyed a hearty laugh. No woman has caught Lord Kitchener yet.

—E. W. Sabell.



GAFFER TIME

By Clinton Scollard

OH, WHO has seen gray Gaffer Time
Along this broad highway pass by?
Will no one speak, will no one say,
Of all this noble company?

Youth, have you seen gray Gaffer Time?
"Nay," answered gay heart Youth, "not I!
Though I be fleet, he trips the hill,
And speeds afar ere I draw nigh."

Age, hast thou seen gray Gaffer Time?
"Nay," halting Age replied, "not I!
Though I have laid him many a snare,
He slips through every mesh I try."

Joy, hast thou seen gray Gaffer Time?
"Nay," answered smiling Joy, "not I!
Why should I care to look for one
Who makes a mockery of my cry?"

Sorrow, hast thou seen Gaffer Time?
"Nay," glooming Sorrow quoth; "not I!
Still he evades my questing step,
Albeit our paths together lie."

Love, hast thou seen gray Gaffer Time?
"Nay," white-browed Love replied, "not I!
Though I have begged him show his face,
Yet he vouchsafes me no reply.

Death, hast thou seen gray Gaffer Time?
"Nay," answered quiet Death; "not I!
Why should I tryst with such as he,
Who is of those that do not die?"

Then none has seen gray Gaffer Time
Of all so wise a company,
And I who seek him up and down,
Alas! alas! what chance have I?

A SCOTS GRAMMAR SCHOOL

BY IAN MACLAREN

HIS PRIVATE CAPACITY

IT IS well enough for popular rulers like Presidents to live in public and shake hands with every person; but absolute Monarchs, who govern with an iron hand and pay not the slightest attention to the public mind, ought to be veiled in mystery

If Bulldog had walked homeward with his boys in an affectionate manner, and inquired after their sisters, like his temporary assistant, Mr. Byles, or had played with interesting babies on the North Meadow, as did Topp, the drawing-master

Augustus de Lacy Topp—who wore a brown velvet jacket and represented sentiment in a form verging on lunacy; or if he had invited his classes to drink coffee in a very shabby little home, as poor Mossy did, and treated them to Beethoven's symphonies, then even Jock Howieson, the stupidest lad in the Seminary would have been shocked, and would have felt that the Creation was out of gear. The last thing we had expected of Bulldog was polite conversation or private hospitality His speech was confined to the classroom, and there was most practical; and his hospitality, which was generous and widespread, was invariably public. His rôle was to be austere, unapproachable, and lifted above feeling, and had it not been for Nestie he had sustained it to the day of his death.

Opinion varied about Bulldog's age, some insisting that he had approached his century, others being content with "Weel on to eighty." None hinted at less than seventy No one could remember his coming to Muirtown, and none knew whence he came His birthplace was commonly believed to be the West Highlands, and it was certain that in dealing with a case of aggravated truancy he dropped into Gaelic. Ballie McCallum used to refer in convivial moments to his schooldays under Bulldog, and always left it to be inferred that had it not been for that tender, fostering care he had not risen to his high estate in Muirtown. Fathers of families who were elders in the kirk, and verging on gray hair, would hear no complaints of Bulldog, for they had passed under the yoke in their youth, and what they had endured with profit—they now said—was good enough for their children. He seemed to us in those days like Melchizedek, without father or mother, beginning or end of days; and now that Bulldog has lain for many a year in a quiet Perthshire kirkyard it is hardly worth while visiting Muirtown Seminary.

■

Every morning, except in vacation, he crossed the bridge at 8.45 with such rigid punctuality that the clerks in the post-office checked the clock by him, and he returned by the way he had gone, over the North Meadow, at 4.15, for it was his grateful custom to close the administration of discipline at the same hour as the teaching, considering, with justice, that any of the Muirtown varlets would rather take the cane than be kept in, where from the windows he could see the North Meadow in its greenness, and the river running rapidly on an afternoon. It would have been out of place for Bulldog to live in a Muirtown street, where he must have been overlooked and could not have maintained his necessary reserve. Years ago he had built himself a house upon the slope of the hill which commanded Muirtown from the other side of the river. It was a hill which began with wood and ended in a lofty crag; and even from his house, half way up and among the trees, Bulldog could look down upon Muirtown, compactly built together on the plain beneath, and thinly veiled in the gray smoke which rose up lazily from its homes

It cannot be truthfully said that Bulldog gave himself to poetry, but having once varied his usual country holiday by a visit to Italy, he ever afterward declared at dinner-table that Muirtown reminded him of Florence as you saw that city from Fiesole, with the ancient kirk of St. John rising instead of the Duomo, and the Tay instead of the Arno. He admitted that Florence had the advantage in her cathedral, but he stoutly insisted that the Arno was but a poor, shrunken river compared with his own; for, wherever Bulldog may have been born, he boasted himself to be a citizen of Muirtown, and always believed that there was no river to be found anywhere like unto the Tay. His garden was surrounded with a high wall, and the entrance was by a wooden door, and how Bulldog lived within these walls no one knew, but many had imagined. Spiug, with two daring companions, had once traced Bulldog home and seen him disappear through the archway, and then it was in their plan to form a ladder, one above the other, and that Peter, from the top thereof, should behold the mysterious interior and observe Bulldog in private life; but even Spiug's courage failed at the critical moment, and they returned without news to the disappointed school.

Pity was not the characteristic of Seminary life in those days, but the hardest heart was touched with compassion when Nestie Molyneux lost his father and went to stay with Bulldog

The Seminary rejoiced in their master, but it was with trembling; and the thought of spending the evening hours and all one's spare time in his genial company excited our darkest imagination To write our copy-books and do our problems under Bulldog's eye was a bracing discipline which lent a kind of zest to life, but to eat and drink with Bulldog was a fate beyond words.

As it was an article of faith with us that Bulldog was never perfectly happy except when he was plying the cane, it was taken for granted that Nestie would be his solitary means of relaxation, from the afternoon of one day to the morning of the next; and when Nestie appeared, on the third morning after his change of residence, the school was waiting to receive him

His walking across the meadow by Bulldog's side, with his hands in his pockets, talking at his ease and laughing lightly, amazed us on first sight but did not count for much, because we considered this manner a policy of expediency and an act of hypocrisy. After all, he was only doing what every one of us would have done in the same circumstances—conciliating the tyrant and covering his own sufferings. We kept a respectful distance till Nestie parted with his guardian, and then we closed in around him and licked our lips, for the story that Nestie could tell would make any Indian tale hardly worth the reading

■

Babel was let loose, and Nestie was pelted with questions which came in a fine confusion from many voices, and to which he was hardly expected to give an immediate answer. "What like is the cane he keeps at home?" "Has Bulldog tawse in the house "Div ye catch it regular?" "Does he come after ye to yir bedroom?" "Have [illegible]thing to eat?" "Is the garden door [illegible]ked?" "Could ye climb over the wall if he was thrashing ye too sore?" "Did he let ye bring yir rabbits?" "Have ye to work at yir lessons all night?" "What does Bulldog eat for his dinner?" "Does he ever speak to ye?" "Does he ever say onything about the school?" "Did ye ever see Bulldog sleeping?" "Are ye feared to be with him?" "Would the police take ye away if he was hurting ye?" "Is there ony other body in the house?" "Would he let ye make gundy (candy) by the kitchen fire?" "Have ye to work all night at yir books?" "Does he make ye brush his boots?" "What do ye call him in the house?" "Would ye call him Bulldog for a shilling's-worth o' gundy if the garden gate was open?" "Has he ony apples in the garden?" "Would ye daur to lay a finger on them?" "How often have ye to wash yir hands?" "Would ye get yir licks if yir hair wasna brushed?" And then Spiug interfered, and commanded silence that Nestie might satisfy the curiosity of the school

"Haud yir blethering tongues!" was his polite form of address. "Noo, Nestie, come awa' wi' yir evidence. What like is't to live

'It's awfully g good of you fellows to ask how I'm getting on with Bully," and Nestie's eyes lit up with fun, for he'd a nice little sense of humor, and never could resist the temptation of letting it play upon our slow-witted, matter-of-fact intellects. "And I declare you seem to know all about what happens. I'll just tell you something about it but it'll make you creepy," and then all the circle gathered in around Nestie. "I have to rise at five in the morning, and if I'm not down at half-past, Bulldog comes for me with a c-cane. [Howieson at this point rubbed himself gently.] Before breakfast we have six 'p-props.' from Euclid and two vulgar fractions [a groan from the school.];

NO ONE IN THE SEMINARY EVER COULD BE BROUGHT TO BELIEVE . . . THAT BULLDOG HAD CARRIED OUT A LITTER OF YOUNG RABBITS IN HIS HAT FOR INSPECTION

Editor's Note—This is the fifth in a series of stories under the general title, A Scots Grammar School, which Ian Maclaren has written for The Saturday Evening Post. The first, Spiug, appeared in the issue of June 3; Bulldog appeared July 1; Nestie, July 29; A Famous Victory, August 26. In an early issue The Disgrace of Mr. Byles will follow. Each story is complete in itself.

"If ye dare to touch it, pity ye!"

for breakfast we've porridge and milk, and I have to keep time with Bulldog—one, two, three, four—with the spoonsful. He's got the c-cane on the table. ['Gosh!' from the boy at the back, and general sympathy.] He has the t-tawse hung in the lobby so as to be handy. ['It cowes all!'] There are three regular c-canings every day: one in the morning, and one in the afternoon, and one before you go to bed." At this point Spiug, who had been listening with much doubt to Nestie's account, and knew that he had a luxuriant imagination, interfered.

"Nestie," he said, "ye're an abandoned little scoundrel, an' ye're telling lees straicht forward," and the school went into the classroom divided in opinion. Some were suspicious that Nestie had been feeding their curiosity with highly spiced meat, but others inclined to believe anything of Bulldog's household arrangements. During the hour Spiug studied Nestie's countenance with interest, and in the break he laid hold of that ingenious young gentleman by the ear and led him apart into a quiet corner, where he exhorted him to unbosom the truth. Nestie whispered something in Spiug's ear which shook even that worthy's composure

"Did ye say rabbits?"

"Lop-ears," said Nestie after a moment's silence, and Spiug was more confounded than he had ever been in all his blameless life.

"Ernest Molyneux, div ye ken whar ye'll go to if ye tell lees?"

"I'm telling the t-truth, Spiug, and I never tell lies, but sometimes I compose t-tales. Lop-ear rabbits, and he feeds them himself."

"Will ye say 'as sure as death'?"—for this was with us the final and awful test of truth

"As sure as death," said Nestie, and that afternoon Spiug had so much to think about that he gave almost no heed when Bulldog discovered him with nothing on the sheet before him except a remarkably correct drawing of two lop-eared rabbits.

Spiug and Nestie crossed the North Meadow together after school, and before they parted at the bridge Nestie entreated the favor of a visit in his new home that evening from Spiug, but, although modesty was not Spiug's prevailing characteristic, he would on no account accept the flattering invitation. Maybe he was going to drive with his father, who was breaking in a new horse, or maybe he was going out on the river in a boat, or maybe the stable gates were to be shut and the fox turned loose for a run, or maybe——"

"Maybe you are going to learn your l-lessons, Spiug, for once in your life," said Nestie, who, his head on one side, was studying Spiug's embarrassment.

"A'm to do naething o' the kind!" retorted Spiug, turning a dark red at this insult. "Nane o' yir impidence!"

"Maybe you're f-frightened to come," said Nestie, and dodged at the same time behind a lamp-post. "Why, Spiug, I didn't know you were f-frightened of anything"

"Naither I am," said Spiug stoutly; "an' if it had been Jock Howteson said that, I'd black his eyes. What sud I be frightened o', ye miserable little shrimp?

"Really, I don't know, Spiug," said Nestie; "but just let me g-guess. It might be climbing the hill; or did you think you might meet one of the 'Pennies,' and he would fight you? or, Spiug—an idea occurs to me—do you feel as if you did not want to spend an hour—just a nice, quiet hour—all alone with Bulldog? You and he are such f-friends, Spiug, in the Seminary. Afraid of Bulldog? Spiug, I'm ashamed of you, when poor little me has to live with him now every day!"

"When I get a grip o' ye, Nestie Molyneux, I'll learn ye to give me chat! I never was afraid o' Bulldog, an' I dinna care if he chases me round the garden wi' a stick, but I'm no coming."

"You *are* afraid, Spiug; you *dare* not come." And Nestie kept carefully out of Spiug's reach.

"Ye're a leear!" cried Spiug. "I'll come up this very night at seven o'clock, but I'll no come in unless ye're at the garden door."

Spiug had fought many pitched battles in his day, and was afraid neither of man nor beast, and his heart sank within him for the first time in his life when he crossed the bridge and climbed the hill to the residence of Mr. Dugald MacKinnon. Nothing but his pledged word, and a reputation for courage which must not be tarnished, since it rested on nothing else, brought him up the lane to Bulldog's door. He was before his time, and Nestie had not yet come to meet him, and he could allow his imagination to picture what was within the walls, and what might befall his unfortunate self before he went down that lane again. His one consolation and support was in the lop-eared rabbits; and if it were the case, as Nestie had sworn with an oath which never had been broken at the Seminary, that there were rabbits within that dreadful inclosure, there was hope for him; for if he knew about anything, he knew about rabbits, and if any one had to do with rabbits—and although it was incredible, yet had not Nestie sworn it with an oath?—there must be some bowels of mercy even in Bulldog. Spiug began to speculate whether he might not be able, with Nestie's loyal help, to reach the rabbits and examine thoroughly into their condition, and escape from the garden without a personal interview with its owner; and at the thought thereof Spiug's heart was lifted. For of all his exploits which had delighted the Seminary, none, for its wonder and daring, its sheer amazingness, could be compared with a stolen visit to Bulldog's rabbits. "Nestie," he murmured to himself, as he remembered that little Englishman's prodigal imagination, "is a maist extraordinary leear, but he said 'as sure as death.'"

"Why, Spiug, is that you? You ought to have opened the door. Come along and shake hands with the master; he's just l-longing to see you." And Spiug was dragged along the walk between the gooseberry bushes, which in no other circumstances would he have passed unnoticed, and was taken up to be introduced, with the air of a dog going to execution. He heard some one coming down the walk, and he lifted up his eyes to know the worst, and in that moment it appeared as if reason had deserted the unhappy Spiug. It was the face of Bulldog, for the light of that countenance could not be found on any other man within the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

Yes, it was Bulldog, and that Spiug would be prepared to swear in any court of justice. The nose and the chin, and the iron-gray whiskers and hair, and, above all, those revolving eyes. There could not be any mistake. But what had happened to Bulldog's face, for it was like unto that of another man? The sternness had gone out of it, and—there was no doubt about it—Bulldog was smiling, and it was an altogether comprehensive and irresistible smile. It had taken the iron lines out of his face and given his lips the kindliest of curves, and changed his nose of its aggressive air, and robbed the judicial appearance of his whiskers, and it had given him—it was a positive fact—another pair of eyes. They still revolved, but not now like the guns in the turret of a monitor, dealing destruction right and left. They were shining and twinkling like the kindly light from a harbor tower. There never was such a genial and humorsome face, so full of fun and humanity, as that which looked down on the speechless Spiug

Nor was that all; it was a complete transformation. Where were the pepper-and-salt trousers and the formal [illegible] and vest, which seemed somehow to symbolize the inflexible severity of Bulldog's reign? and the hat, and the gloves, and the stick—what had become of his trappings? Was there ever such a pair of disreputable old slippers, down at the heel, out at the sides, broken at the seams, as those that covered the feet of Bulldog in that garden? The very sight of those slippers, with their suggestion of slackness and unpunctuality and ignorance of all useful knowledge and general bohemianism, was the first thing which cheered the heart of Spiug. Those slippers would tolerate no problems from Euclid and would laugh a cane to scorn. Where did he ever get those trousers, and from whose hands did they originally come, baggy at the knee and loose everywhere, stained with garden mould and torn with garden bushes?

Without question it was a warm night in that sheltered place on the side of the hill; but would any person believe that the master of mathematics, besides writing and arithmetic, in Muirtown Seminary, was going about in his garden, and before the eyes of two of his pupils, without the vestige of a waistcoat? Spiug now was braced for wonders, but even he was startled with Bulldog's jacket, which seemed of earlier age than the trousers, with which it had no connection in color. It may once have had four buttons, but only two were left now; there was a tear in its side that must have been made by a nail in the garden wall; the handle of a hammer projected from one pocket, and a pruning-knife from the other. And if there was not a pipe in Bulldog's mouth, stuck in the side of his cheek, "as sure as death"! There was a knife in his hand, with six blades and a corkscrew and a gimlet and the thing for taking the stones out of a horse's hoof—oath again repeated—and Bulldog was trying the edge of the biggest blade upon his finger. Spiug, now ascending from height to height, was not surprised to see no necktie, and would have been prepared to see no collar. He had now even a wild hope that when he reached Bulldog's head it might be crowned with a Highland bonnet, minus the tails; but instead thereof there was a hat, possibly once a wide-awake, so bushed and shapeless and discolored, and worn so rakishly, partly on the back and partly on the side of his head. Spiug was inwardly satisfied, and knew that no evil could befall him in that garden.

"Spiug, my mannie, how are ye?" said this amazing figure. "Ye've been long o' coming. There's something like a knife, eh?" and Bulldog opened up the whole concern and challenged Spiug to produce his knife, which was not so bad, for it had six departments, and one of them was a file, which was wanting in Bulldog's

"Show the master your peerie, Spiug," said Nestie. "It's split more tops than any one in the school; it's a r-ripper," and Nestie exhibited its deadly steel point with much pride, while Spiug endeavored to look unconscious as the owner of this instrument of war.

"Dod, I'll have a try myself," said Bulldog. "It's many a year since I've spun a top. Where's yir string?" and he strode up the walk winding the top, and the boys behind looked at one another, while Nestie triumphed openly.

"Are you f-frightened, Spiug?" he whispered. "Ain't he great? And just you wait; you haven't begun to see things yet, not h half."

Upon the doorstep Bulldog spun the top with a right hand that had not lost its cunning, but rather had been strengthened by much cane exercise. "It's sleeping!" he cried in huge delight. "If ye dare to touch it, pity ye!" but no one wished to shorten its time, and the three hung over that top with fond interest, as Bulldog timed the performance with his watch, which he extricated from his trouser pocket.

"Ye're a judge o' rabbits, Spiug," said the master. "I would like to have yir advice," and as they went down through the garden they halted at a place, and the robins came and sat on Bulldog's shoulder and took crumbs out of his hand, and, a little farther on, the thrushes bade him welcome, and he showed the boys where the swallows had built every year, and they, also, flew around his head

"If ye dinna meddle wi' them, the birds'll no be afraid o' ye, will they, Dandie?" and the old terrier which followed at his heels wagged his tail and indicated that he, also, was on good terms with every living thing in the garden.

No one in the Seminary ever could be brought to believe it, even although Spiug tried to inculcate faith with his fists, that Bulldog had carried out a litter of young rabbits in his hat for inspection, and that, before the three of them laid themselves out for a supper of strawberries, Spiug had given to his master the best knowledge at his command on the amount of green food which might be given with safety to a rabbit of adult years, and had laid it down with authority that a moderate amount of tea-leaves and oatmeal might be allowed as an occasional dainty

After the attack on the strawberries, in which Spiug greatly distinguished himself, and Bulldog urged him on with encouraging words, they had tarts and lemonade in the house, where not a sign of cane or tawse could be found. Bulldog drew the corks himself, and managed once to drench Spiug gloriously, whereat that worthy wiped his face with his famous red handkerchief and was inordinately proud, while Nestie declared that the thing had been done on purpose, and Bulldog threatened him with the tawse for insulting his master.

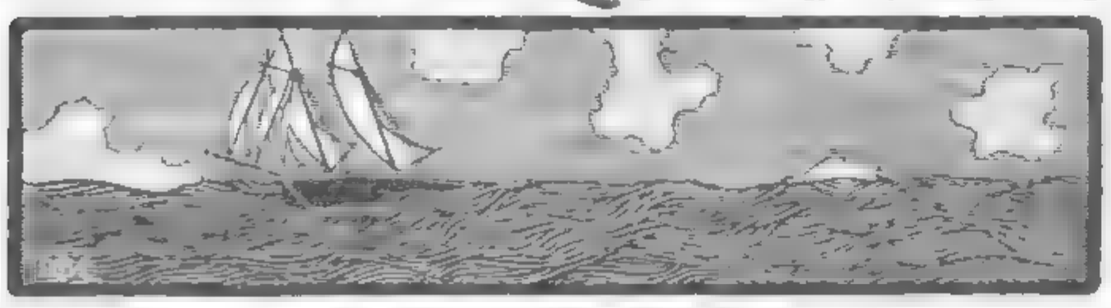
"Div ye think, Spiug, ye could manage a piece o' rock before ye go?" and Bulldog produced the only rock that a Muirtown man will ever think worth eating—Fenwick's own very best, thick, and pure, and rich, and well flavored; and when Spiug knew not whether to choose the peppermint, that is black and white, or the honey rock, which is brown and creamy, or the cinnamon, which in those days was red outside and white within, his host insisted that he should take a piece of each, and they would last him till he reached his home.

"Spiug," and Bulldog bade farewell to his pupil at the garden gate, "ye're the most aggravating little scoundrel in Muirtown Seminary, an' the deviltry that's in ye, I bear witness, is bottomless; but ye're fine company, an' ye'll, maybe, be a man yet, an' Nestie an' me will be glad to see ye when ye're no engaged wi' yir study. Ye'll no forget to come, Peter?'

Peter's tongue, which had been wagging freely among the rabbits, again forsook him, but he was able to indicate that he would seize an early opportunity of again paying his respects to Mr. Dugald MacKinnon in his own home; and when Bulldog thrashed him next day for not having prepared an exercise the night before, the incident only seemed to complete Spiug's pride and satisfaction.

Spiug, with two daring companions, traced Bulldog home

The SCHOONER that turned SQUATTER



By M. E. McINTOSH

LEAPING seas lifted the schooner Raven high on the beach one night when a spring gale churned Lake Michigan. The Raven was owned, navigated, and now, in the flower of her sailing days, beached by Captain Ebenezer Rowell. Cape Cod was the place of the Captain's nativity, and he had sailed all sorts and conditions of waters, from the Erie Canal to the Arctic Ocean.

He asserted, however, with a flow of explosive language that was certainly no part of his Puritan inheritance, that he never ran into quite so much "dirt" anywhere else as when there was a norther screaming down this long lake, breaking the waters into foam from Skilligallee to Grosse Point. Now the indignant lake repaid his tarry epithets by flinging him farther up on the land than any boat ever went before.

Captain Rowell had characteristics that marked him as a [illegible] His long mustache drooped and mingled with a short beard well shot with gray, and when he wore his dingy sou'wester he looked very like a middle-aged walrus. The Captain had a wooden leg, bound at the bottom with triple bands of brass. One of Farragut's surgeons took charge of the leg of flesh for which this wooden substitute did duty, after the battle of Mobile Bay.

The skipper of the Raven also had a pipe that was not without celebrity. It was burned to ebony blackness, and, upon the word of reliable mariners, was declared to emit such penetrating fumes that the Raven could not clear from a Wisconsin port without the fact immediately becoming known in Michigan, if the wind were right.

■

But now the Raven, her commander, wooden leg, pipe and all, were cast up on the beach. Captain Rowell had been trying to make port and had missed the harbor entrance—a narrow passage between two piers, as easy to sail into in a storm as the neck of a bottle. As his boat went flying in through the breakers the Captain raged, and beat a tattoo on the deck with his wooden leg, having no gratitude in his heart for the wind and waves that were landing him on soft sand instead of banging the Raven against the rocks that were equally handy. The schooner settled easily on the beach with the skipper clinging to the taffrail, and the two Scandinavians who constituted the crew gripping at the shrouds.

Morning showed the seriousness of the case. The Raven lay at the innermost point of a cozy bight, with a couple of hundred yards of sand between her and the bluffs that rimmed the bay. A little way to the north a long breakwater was thrust into the lake, the visible evidence of harbor work in which Government engineers were engaged. One effect of the building of this breakwater had been to arrest certain lake currents and make them deposit great quantities of sand along that part of the shore on which the Raven stranded. In consequence, new land was forming rapidly at that point, and the people of the town were beginning to speculate as to the use to which it should be put.

It was a singularly effectual rush of the waters that carried the schooner to this resting-place, and Captain Rowell knew very well that to get her back into the water would be expensive and difficult. He was the more disgusted with fate because he had been cast away on the shore of his home port, where neighbors would want to know the why and wherefore of this extraordinary navigation.

One of those who came next day to look at the schooner, so far removed from her ordinary element, was a lawyer acquaintance of the Captain. In speaking about the changes that were going on in that part of the coast, he referred to the rapidity with which the land was encroaching on the lake there, and gave it as his opinion that there was doubt about the right of owners of property on the bluffs—between which and the lake a railroad right of way intervened—to claim the accretion.

■

"In fact," said Lawyer Flanders, "I believe that this is Government land, and anybody who squats on it will have a fighting chance, at least, to establish title to the whole strip." Whereupon Captain Ebenezer Rowell pricked up his Yankee ears and adroitly cross-questioned the lawyer until he had a fair notion of the legal conditions affecting this stretch of weed-tufted sand, not lovely to look upon, but destined to be very valuable. He announced that night that he intended to defer preparations for floating the Raven.

The next day he brought Maria, his wife, down from their cottage, and having got the Raven properly braced on an even keel, installed Mrs. Rowell in the cabin. "We'll live here a while, Mariar," said the Captain; and Maria, who had sailed under Ebenezer's orders for forty years, thought this no time to ask questions but began to set things in order. The schooner Raven had squatted on unclaimed land.

Now in the course of time the dwellers on the bluff [illegible] of stout houses set in terraced lawns looked down on this marine squatter and were displeased. They paid little attention at first but the steady issue of smoke from the Raven's cabin stove and the accumulation of Maria's flower-pots, savored of permanent occupation. Autumn came, then winter and the Raven was still on the sands.

The next spring, a year after the schooner went on the beach, certain rich men took steps to formally assert title to the natural increase of land, on a portion of which the Raven lay. Then came lawyers, writs and constables, whom Maria turned over to Ebenezer, and with whom Ebenezer dealt through the medium of his friend, Lawyer Flanders.

In the first court to which the men who owned the land on the bluff took the matter, Ebenezer won. Title was not proven, and the skipper of the Raven, so far as this tribunal was concerned, was confirmed in his right as a claimant of Government land. An appeal failed to reverse the judgment and, although the rich men declared their fixed purpose to carry the case to the highest court in the land, Ebenezer considered the victory won.

Thereupon, under the advice of the far-seeing Flanders, he began the most wonderful improvements on his land that ever were seen on that coast, or perhaps any other. To repay some small annoyances that he had been subjected to, he caused to be erected a staring sign, where every dweller on the heights might read: "Captain Rowell's Shipyard."

■

I found the Captain there one evening, walking about his queer domain, pipe alight and puffing like a tug. Half a dozen cottages of remarkable architecture had sprung up about the Raven.

"Snug anchorage," said the Captain, with a comprehensive wave of his pipe in the direction of these new possessions. "Mariar an' I are landlubbers now. Yes, we've squatted on Guv'ment land, an' cal'late to live here. Mr. Bingham, up on the hill yonder, an' some o' the other shore folks got after me in the courts, but I beat 'em. Tried to bother me with the charge o' putting up shanties within the fire limits, an' sent a lubber down here one day to pull my houses down. You see, every house in this here shipyard is a boat, built boat shaped an' registered at the custom house."

The Captain had, in truth, built as he said. The architecture did not appeal to one's sense of beauty, whether the structures were considered as houses or boats, but any one of them, properly bottomed, might be set afloat and made to serve as a scow or a tow barge. By way of tenants the Captain had a few of his sailor friends, a fisherman, and a laborer who liked the situation because it was near the railroad yards where he worked. The shipyard was paying expenses.

"Captain Rowell went on, "the Raven has done pretty well for me. 'Bout the best cruise I ever made was the one that ended with this here wreck. It's made me a rich man. But I was tellin' ye 'bout the attack on my fleet. They sent the Fire Marshal, an' he says, says he, 'Them shanties is in the fire limits an' I'm ordered to pull 'em down.' Then I gets out on the forrard deck o' the Raven an' I says, says I, quite like as though I was whooping in a blow outside the point: 'Ship ahoy, there! Every one o' them shanties is a boat an' registered in the Yewnited States custom house. Any man that tears down one o' my boats is a pirate, an' Uncle Sam 'ud rather hang a pirate than eat pie.'

"That Fire Marshal looked at my shipyard careful like then, an' kinder opened his eyes. He went round behind one o' those craft, an' when he seed her name an' port o' hail painted there, plain as on any steamboat in the harbor, that settled him. He went back to the lawyers, an' they've been figgerin' ever since on how to make this here fleet put to sea. I'll keep 'em figgerin'," added Ebenezer confidently, "until my title to all this new land's as solid as Spectacle Reef."

Conceive a double row of buildings which upon front view appeared to be canal boats, gabled, windowed and clapboarded, with a little picketed inclosure behind each one, and you have the shipyard in mind. At the end of the street, nearest the water, lay the Raven, dismantled with respect to rigging, propped with timbers, and kept immaculately painted and scrubbed, as a flagship should be. Thus the fleet lay, a squadron to be depended on in any kind of weather.

■

To the shipyard came sightseers, small boys, and even the Salvation Army. Ebenezer Rowell was a friend of religion, although his language at times might give rise to a contrary opinion, and he welcomed the Salvation soldiers to the beach. He even performed on an accordion one night in honor of the open-air Gospel meeting, and was assured that the Army band itself could do no better.

The excellent impression thus made was almost effaced by the Captain's conduct on another occasion. Six men in tall hats came down to the beach one night, followed by a lot of lake front loungers, and began to sing Gospel hymns. The Captain was gratified. He never quite approved of the Salvation Army costume, and here, it seemed, was a delegation of soberly clad ministers, come to preach without any sound of brass and tinkling cymbals.

One of the clerical-looking men began to address the crowd. In the beginning his harangue was not unlike that of the average street preacher, but he imparted, gradually and in small installments, the information that this was a missionary party from Utah, sent out to teach the doctrines of the Church of Latter-Day Saints.

"Mormons!" snorted Ebenezer, and into the crowd he stumped with a peremptory order for the meeting to disperse and the missionaries to climb the hill. Expostulation only moved the Captain to boiling wrath, and he volleyed and thundered such dreadful language that the six tall hats moved off, leaving Ebenezer in possession of the field, but with a shattered reputation for piety.

When small boys offended on his premises the Captain would roar: "Hi, there; go ashore, ye little powder monkeys! I'll take ye all out to sea an' maroon ye!" This would be followed by wild scampering across the sands, for the boys were divided in opinion as to whether marooning meant boiling in oil or hanging at the yard arm.

For six years Ebenezer and Maria lived in the shipyard, drew rent and paid lawyers. The lake currents kept adding

THE WHOLE ATTACKING FORCE STAMPEDED AT THE SIGHT OF THE WINCHESTER

to their sandy domain, and as the beach widened, displeasure grew in the fine houses on the hill. The expanding acres to which the skipper of the Raven laid claim gave rise to visions suggested by possible uses to which the land might be put when the mariner saw fit to sell, if his title ever arrived at a state of perfection that warranted anybody to buy

The shipyard was bad enough, but a factory, a thing of smoke and smell and chimneys, would be worse. So the hill folk managed to keep a lawsuit imminent above the Captain's head, that he might not become too well established in his belief that he was lord of the shore.

In the extreme of their disgust, and came to the enemies of the Captain from an unexpected source. The town, upon whose hospitable front the Raven had become a squatter, decided to establish a system of parks.

It was agreed, with entire unanimity, that all the water frontage possible ought to be secured for this purpose, a proposition that directed instant attention to Captain Ebenezer Rowell's contested territory All the machinery of lawyers, courts, writs and bailiffs was once more set in motion, and Ebenezer and Maria had to form a new line of battle

Indeed, they had come upon evil days, for the discerning lawyer who had been their chief defense in the earlier years of their occupation was dead, and they had to intrust the fortunes of the shipyard to strangers. The aggressive city hustled Ebenezer from one court to another, summoned him examined him, made him depose, affirm, deny, give bond, and generally feel the pangs of litigation, until he declared himself "worried outen his vittles

He smoked three times his normal allowance of tobacco, and told Maria that he was surely tempted to put to sea again. A little later he gave proof that this was an idea that had some grip on him, for he set men to work calking the Raven's gaping seams and getting the schooner into something like sailing shape again.

One evening Captain Rowell returned and found the shipyard in a tumult. A case had just gone against him in one of the courts, the Judge having declared that title to the land was vested in the city, and the municipal officers lost no time in following up this victory. Policemen descended and the Sheriff came, and with them sundry stout fellows having in charge teams, timbers, crowbars, and other tools sufficient to make Maria tremble.

She bewailed the absence of Ebenezer, but came part way down the steps that led up the Raven's side, and gave an imitation of the Captain in a bad temper The Sheriff said such language was shocking, but she refused to listen to the writ. Before Ebenezer appeared to defend the premises from invasion, one of the structures that the sailor called a boat when he talked to a constable, and a house when he conversed with a tenant, had been hoisted from its anchorage and placed on skids

One without occupants had been selected by way of a beginning, and the Bird of Freedom, as letters done in the highest style of the sign-painter's art announced the clumsy affair, was well on her way toward the street at the foot of the bluff when Ebenezer came snorting upon the scene. He did not stop to parley with the Sheriff, but dived into the cabin of the Raven and presently emerged on deck with a rifle in his hands.

It was a weapon that had been purchased in the early stages of the fight for possession of the lake front, but by a singular oversight Ebenezer had neglected to provide himself with any ammunition. However, nobody stops to inquire with any particularity into the condition of a gun when that gun is in the hands of a man whose hostility is undoubted, and the whole attacking force stampeded at the sight of the Winchester.

Nearly all night the Captain kept watch, rifle in hand, but when Maria questioned the efficiency of a gun that wanted cartridges, he concluded to go to bed and risk the further kidnapping of his scows.

It was shortly after this incursion that I saw the Captain again. The shipyard showed almost as many signs of disorder as though it were really a place where boats were built. The Bird of Freedom, the Albatross (all the Captain's scow-houses were given the names of birds) and the rest were either in ruins or in process of being plucked. The Raven showed unmistakable signs of an impending voyage

She had been shored up, painted, and rid of all the accumulation of steps, platforms and flower-pots that made her look like something that belonged neither on land nor sea. The Captain was rather melancholy, but entrance in respect to ship chandlery and repairs

He smoked three times his normal allowance of tobacco, and told Maria that he was surely tempted to put to sea again

"Yea," he said "I'm goin' sailin once more. Compromised with the city." This he said as cheerfully as a man might announce the date of his own hanging "Compromised," he went on, "that's what they call it. I gives the city the land an' the city gives me the vally o' these here crafts. No, I ain't as rich as I used to think I was when I stuck on a hundred thousand every time a storm heaved up a fresh lot o' sand, which happened pretty reg'lar

"Fact is, if the Guv'ment keeps extending that there pier into the lake an' upsetting the cal'lations o' Nature in p'int of currents, sand'll keep piling up until this lake's plum cut in two. I'm sick o' this bilin', roysterin', bangin' body o' water. I'm goin' to sail the Raven down the lakes to the St. Lawrence, take her out to sea, an' go back to Cape Cod, where Mariar an' I cal'late to spend the rest o' our days."

It was a laborious undertaking to get the Raven into the water again. She had lain on shore so long that she had to be in a large measure rebuilt before she was fit to sail, but finally the Captain pronounced her as good as new and fine enough to exhibit to those keen critics of things nautical, the inhabitants of Cape Cod.

So I went down one night to see him and Maria set out on their long voyage. There was a flattening of noses against the window-panes in the houses on the hill, whose satisfied owners saw the trim lines of the schooner slant across the darkening waters. The Captain was at the wheel, and as he sailed away into the gloom I could get glimpses of his cheerful pipe, glowing like a binnacle lamp and pointing, as nearly as might be, in the direction of Cape Cod.

To the shipyard came sightseers

WHITE HOUSE INDISPENSABLES

By RENÉ BACHE

COLONEL WILLIAM H. CROOK, the present disbursing officer at the White House, began his service in the Executive Mansion thirty-five years ago as a bodyguard of Mr Lincoln. A little more than a month before the President was shot the latter wrote to the Secretary of War:

"My man Crook has been drafted. I cannot spare him.
Please fix. A. Lincoln, March 2, 1865

Mr. Crook was released from the draft, and he has been a White House employee ever since. He says that the title of Colonel came upon him gradually, it was not won in military service, but he has accepted it because unable to get away from it. When a man has been a confidential adviser of ten Presidents, as is the case with Crook, he ought to be at least a brevet Brigadier

The White House has a clerical staff comprising nearly a score of persons. It has also doorkeepers and watchmen, and the steward and housekeeper are Government employees, as well as the gardener and his assistants, though the President hires his own cook and maid servants. All these people have to be paid, and Colonel Crook attends to this business He has a big check book filled with blank Treasury warrants, and twice a month he fills out as many of them as are needed in response to the demands of the payroll. At the Executive Mansion, however, there is an amicable understanding that anybody may draw his wages when he likes—in advance, if he so wishes Colonel Crook pays even Secretary Porter, but he does not pay Mr. McKinley The President gets his salary on the first day of each month direct from the Treasurer of the United States It is sent over to the White House from the Treasury Department in the shape of a warrant for $4166 66, drawn by a subordinate and signed by the Treasurer. Mr McKinley deposits it to his bank account, like any check.

One of Colonel Crook's duties is to keep a series of scrapbooks in which are pasted all sorts of comments on the Administration, both friendly and hostile. The President has a right to take these books with him when he leaves the White House, but it is not recorded that any Chief Magistrate ever did so, or even went out of his way sufficiently to look between the covers.

Another permanent employee of the White House is Benjamin F. Montgomery, who might be called the intelligence officer of the Executive Mansion. He has charge of the War Room, adjoining the President's business office, which is perhaps the most remarkable information centre in existence It is in direct communication, by telegraph and telephone, with all parts of the world

Mr. Montgomery was the son of an officer in the Confederate Army. He began his career in the Weather Bureau, and in 1877 was assigned by General Myer to duty as telegrapher at the President's House, as the mansion is called in the statutes. He undertook this work during the first few days of the Hayes régime, and has held the position ever since. Mr McKinley thought so highly of his services that he made him a Captain in the Signal Corps of the Army at the outbreak of the war with Spain—the first volunteer appointment in that branch of the staff—and later raised him to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel

Administrations come and go, but Crook and Montgomery remain; to disturb them would be sacrilege. There is a trio of these old standbys at the Executive Mansion, and the third member of it is Mr. O. L. Pruden. Crook is tall, thin and whiskered; Montgomery is short and fat; Pruden is under the middle height, smooth-shaven and alert of manner. People like Pruden, who is a jolly good fellow, notwithstanding the peculiar sobriquet which has been applied to him He is called the "Sphinx of the White House" because of his cautious reticence where official matters are concerned. In a general way he is, in effect, Secretary Porter's private secretary.

Mr. Pruden came to Washington in the uniform of a Union soldier early in the Civil War, he was a mere boy then. Chance, backed by extraordinary skill in penmanship, got him employment in the War Department, and in 1872 he was attached to the staff of the White House by General Grant. His duties are manifold, and one of them is to record in writing all appointments, commissions and pardons made and granted by the Chief Executive. He makes copies of the Presidents' messages to Congress and personally delivers them to the Senate and House.

When charged with such a document, Mr Pruden summons the official White House carriage and embarks for the Capitol with two copies, one for the House and the other for the Senate. On entering the Senate Chamber he stands in the aisle directly in front of the presiding officer and waits to be recognized. Presently the presiding officer says: "Mr Secretary?" and Pruden replies: "Mr. President, the President of the United States directs me to submit a message in writing." Then he hands the envelope containing the message to the assistant doorkeeper, Alonzo Stewart, and withdraws with a bow. The same ceremony is repeated on the House side, the Speaker being addressed

The BOY who is Willing

By William H. Maher

ALL experience proves that there are two factors in the success of every boy and every man. These are capacity and opportunity.

There are thousands of capable men to-day filling lower positions than those for which they are well qualified, because the opportunity to go higher has never come within their reach. It has been so since the world began, it will continue to be the case until the end of time. But it is also true that opportunity has knocked at many a man's door, and the man who was called for was not ready. It is rare, indeed, that Fortune makes the second visit.

The power that keeps the world moving is the hopefulness of youth. Almost every boy is determined to better his condition, and starts out in life with the ambition to belong to the successful few rather than stay in the ranks of the common workers. But not more than one in a hundred of these says to himself: "I will not permit pride, or laziness, or carelessness, or work, or demands of any kind, no matter how unpleasant they may be, to stand between me and success.

With this spirit the hundredth boy goes into a shop to learn his trade or into a store as clerk, and, although he may never reach the summit of his desires, he will as surely ascend as the sun is certain to shine on the morrow.

The very first quality that he must make the foundation stone of his character is a cheerful willingness to do any and every thing that he is called upon to do. The boy who is willing to drop one task upon which he is engaged and pleasantly turn to something else, when requested by some one who is over him, is so different from the vast majority of his companions that this gift will quickly be noted, and then one rung upon the ladder of success will have been mounted.

One of my friends, a dry-goods merchant, during a very dull day noticed that the windows were not so bright as they might be, while several of the younger clerks were doing nothing. He said to the first one he met: "Jim, as there's nothing doing indoors, don't you want to rub up the windows a bit?" Jim flushed and stammered, and finally got up courage to say: "I'd rather not, Mr. A.; I didn't come here to wash windows." "That is true," said my friend, "but I thought you might be willing to do it, as trade is so dull." Another clerk overheard the conversation, and when Mr. A was near his counter, said: "I'd just as soon clean the windows as be inside," and he was put at the work, doing it in a pleasant and cheery way.

When Saturday night came around Jim was dropped from the force because of the dullness of trade, while the other was commended for the way he had kept himself busy, and when trade was better he was advanced.

In a wholesale house in a thrifty Western city it was no uncommon thing for country merchants, in their desire to carry home all their purchases that they could, to have more bundles than they could very well manage to handle, and if the porter was busy one of the boys was called upon to help the customer to the railroad station. In a store that I knew about one boy was just as willing to go as the other, but always wanted time to brush himself up a bit and arrange his toilet to his liking. The other was ready the moment he was spoken to, and would start off in his shirt sleeves if the time was so short as to make it seem necessary. This apparently trifling difference in the two was the cause of one being advanced ahead of the other at the first opening, and, though both were about equal in ability, one became a salesman with a good salary, while the other is a stock clerk in the same store at one-half the pay that his old companion receives.

I frequently meet a successful merchant who was taken out of a very ordinary position in a factory and given a place in the office because he was willing to do or go, and quick to perform his tasks. A part of his work was to run errands for the office men. These errands were of every imaginable kind, but it was a matter of pride with him to perform every task in the quickest possible time.

One day, toward the closing hour, he was asked if he would run on an errand that would take him about five miles out into the country. (This was before the days of telephones.) He was told that no one would blame him in the least if he felt that it was too long a walk. He knew that the matter was one where time was of importance, and he felt sure that his employer would be thankful to have him do the errand that day, so he answered as cheerily as if the task were for his own pleasure: "Why, yes, sir; of course I can do it, and will be glad to do it for you."

The pleased look that came into his employer's face was ample payment for his long walk, and that errand and his way of doing it were important links in the chain of his success.

Just as the men in the office of a large factory were about putting their books into the safe for the night, a dispatch came to the manufacturer telling him that his best customer would call upon him early the next morning, to talk over the coming season's prices, etc. Much regret was expressed that the news had not come a day sooner, so that some figures that they were at work upon could have been completed, for they were of great importance in the coming interview.

The boy of the office—eighteen or nineteen years of age, perhaps—made no offer, but he did not lock the safe. He went back to the office after supper, putting in six or eight hours of intensely hard work in copying the figures off loose sheets and getting them into available use for the morning. When the manufacturer appeared, the customer was with him; these sheets of figures played an important part in the day's work, and enabled the two to come to specific terms on a large contract.

When the customer was gone the employer wanted to know the particulars regarding these papers, and not only paid the boy handsomely, then and there, for his thoughtfulness and diligence, but opened the way later to a step forward in his advancement.

One of my companions began his business education in a retail dry goods store in one of the smaller cities. After he had been there a year I asked him if he had made many acquaintances outside of those in the store. "No; I know very few people," he said, "and I am not ready to make acquaintances just yet. The younger clerks frequently have to deliver goods, and the work would be very unpleasant for me if I had a large circle of acquaintances. I can make acquaintances hereafter when I am in a higher position."

I knew him to be more fond of society than the average young man, but he was willing to get along without it so long as it might embarrass him in his work.

I have observed that the boy who is willing to do anything he is called upon to do soon learns to do things without waiting to be asked, and often steps forward to assist before his employer or associates have realized that help would be necessary. This gives him the reputation of being thoughtful and ready, and that is a second step on the ladder of promotion.

In every shop and store there are seasons when the work crowds all hands. When left to themselves the great mass of workmen and clerks watch the clock so as to quit work on the stroke. But here is one who keeps on working; his task is so nearly completed, he says, that he guesses he will finish it before going home. Or he sees that a day will make quite a difference in sending off an order, so he determines to see that it goes that night rather than wait till the morrow. Or he finds new goods left lying on the floor, and knows that it would be better that they were put on the shelves before sweeping time, so he puts them away before he goes home. These are his excuses for working a little late, as if apologizing for breaking a rule of the house; but those over him say: "That man is not afraid of work, and has an interest in this store." They look upon him with increasing favor, and his progress is sure.

I knew two clerks in a wholesale house, one, the stockman, was paid $1500; the other, an office man, was paid $900. The stock clerk was an efficient one; he put away new goods in fine shape, kept his stock looking well, and got out orders accurately and expeditiously. His salary was for doing this work, and so long as he did it well he was content.

The office man was paid for his work on the books, but it seemed to him that the man who sold a bill of goods was a more important factor in the house than the one who got out the order or who charged and billed it.

In those days retail dealers went to jobbing centres far more than they do to-day, and salesmen in one house would look in upon their acquaintances in other lines of trade, inquiring as to what country buyers were in town, and getting introduced to them as often as possible. They would then do a little "drumming" for their own house, and secure a visit from the retailers if they could.

Our young bookkeeper made acquaintances in these other stores, and occasionally found a retailer who wanted goods in his line. This interfered with his regular work, but he went back evenings and kept his books in shape. He began to be looked upon as a fair salesman, and help was given him in the office that he might devote more of his time to selling goods. In four years he was a partner in the house, his interest for the first year paying him $7000, while the stockman was still in his old position at $1500.

I read of two workmen in one shop who spent their noon hour in the workroom. One man devoted his time, month after month, to teaching a dog to do many wonderful tricks. He was quite successful, and sold the trained animal for a good price.

The other mechanic spent his hour in trying to perfect a machine for which there would be a large demand if one could but obviate difficulties which, however, most men said were insurmountable. He was not a brilliant workman, but he studied nights and worked noons at his models, never getting out of patience nor discouraged, until at last, quite by accident, he hit upon the solution of the whole trouble. He at once patented his device, made a full-sized machine that was a success, and as a result of this he was given an interest in the business and eventually became a very rich man.

I overheard one man say to another: "If you and I had been as lucky as Tom we could live in a fine house, too." But I knew Tom's history: the long days he made at his work when he was merely a clerk; the thought he gave the business, as if it were his own; the pleasures he pushed aside when there was work to do, and I said to myself that all the luck there was in Tom's career was of his own manufacture.

But the boy who is willing to work must work intelligently, and along the lines that lead to increased knowledge of his trade or his business. The man who trained the dog worked faithfully and made a success of the task, but it did not help him in his trade or make him one whit more valuable to his employers. Had he devoted that noon hour to a study of the metals in which he worked, or of the machines he used or made, he would have been a better workman, and his employers would have learned that in due time.

The masses do not know, and will not believe it when they are told, that every employer and every foreman is searching for boys and men who have their hearts in their work and their minds on the alert to forward their employers' interests. When they are found they are advanced in pay and responsibility, and when opportunity comes to go up still higher they are fitted for the place. From their ranks are drawn our most successful merchants and manufacturers.

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The Making of a Journalist

By Julian Ralph

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IT DOES not seem that any one needs to be assured of the value of good nature both as a shield against the kicks of fate and as a spur to the enjoyment of this world's blessings. Every man, and certainly every traveler, has found that a good temper or a kindly humor has bridged some very unpleasant breaks in the even tenor of his way. I remember breakfasting one day in Calgary, in the northwest Provinces of Canada, when it was a very new town, and hearing an Englishman complain of finding no washbowl and pitcher in his room.

A very "tough" and desperate-looking waiter led him to a room in which there were a wooden trough, a water-bucket and a towel. He said to him: "If that ain't a good enough place for you to wash in, why, you needn't to wash, d'ye see?"

When the Englishman came to the table he complained again, this time of the quality of the beefsteak which was served to him.

This was more than the insolent and acutely sensitive waiter felt called upon to endure, so he said: "Look here, that's the steak you git, and that's the steak you're going to like; now, you eat it and like it, d'ye understand?"

The man could have knocked the waiter down, but he would probably have been shot, or roughly handled by the waiter's friends, but by ignoring the offense and behaving good-naturedly he made himself seem what he really was, the lout's superior.

AN EXPERIENCE AT THE "HELLO HOTEL"

In the Kootenay Country, in Canada, I stopped at what was sometimes called the "Hello Hotel," and also sometimes the "Telephone House," because only the frame and outer walls were up. There were no boards on the floors, and you could stand in any room in the house and order what you wanted from the office by calling down between the floor beams.

The barber in that hotel liked to boast of his depravity and to be considered a hardened and desperate character. He told me about himself while he was shaving me. Whether he was entirely jocular or partly mad I don't know, but he kept on accusing me of being afraid of him.

"I'm dreadful afraid," said I, "but you see I am perfectly helpless. You have got me tucked into this chair; and I'll have to stand whatever you choose to do. Have it over quickly; that's all I ask." This amiable indifference puzzled him more than any course I could have adopted.

I put good nature among the absolute essentials to success as a newspaper correspondent or reporter. It is one of the three main necessaries. First comes aptitude for the profession; next comes unconquerable persistence—or "stick-to-it-iveness"; and third, good nature.

CONQUERING A CHINESE MOB WITH A LAUGH

My travels in China now seem to me the most enjoyable journeys I ever made, but had I not been armed with good nature I might easily have been mobbed several times and possibly killed. We rested at a village one day while our servants were restocking our boat with provisions, and Mr. Weldon and I went ashore. I took with me a very stout walking-stick, which was the only weapon I ever carried out of the boat—in which we kept our guns and pistols.

I took the stick for frequent use against dogs, but I will not say here and at this time that I did not suspect a possibility of trouble with angry Chinamen as well.

The neighborhood was disturbed by an anti-missionary movement, but of this we had not been warned. The men of the village followed and watched Mr. Weldon and me, but kept well apart from us until at last we were in the thick of the houses and surrounded by the people.

Then one of the head men boldly advanced, backed up by a crowd, and touching my stick, made motions as if to ask if it was not intended for Chinamen's heads. We were by this time well aware of our danger, but I dispelled it in an instant.

"No, no," I replied, by means of motions; "it is to hit dogs with."

This idea I conveyed by snapping and snarling and barking, while I laid about me, right and left, with my stick. At the end I laughed, and, as I expected, all the Chinamen laughed with me. They were all my friends from that instant, and the only trouble I suffered was from being obliged to repeat my pantomimic explanation ever so many times before I left the place.

Under more exciting circumstances I once lost my temper, but only for an instant and without evil consequences. Unless the reader has been in China and seen a great waterside city, like Canton, or many lesser places, he cannot imagine how crowded together and how numerous are the boats that are to be found there. We speak of "forests of masts" at London, Liverpool and New York, but in China these are much more than forests—they are jungles.

A COMPLICATION ON A CHINESE RIVER

At one large wholly Chinese port we were wriggling and twisting our boat along an ever-changing, constantly closing passage through one of these cities of water craft. Our Captain was making the most of his dignity and his chance to display it. Few Chinamen have ever commanded a European vessel—or "glass boat," as it is called—because its windows are not of shell or paper like Chinese windows. He was yelling at every one ahead to get out of the way of his wonderful and majestic craft, and coupling with his commands the most violent and contemptuous abuse of whoever happened before us.

Suddenly, through clumsy steering on the part of the helmsman, our boat jostled a Mandarin's gorgeous and towering floating-house and did a dollar's worth of damage to a board on the side.

Instantly the Mandarin's people leaped on our deck and laid hands on our Captain. With equal promptness I rushed forward to drive or even throw them off our boat. My boy begged me not to interfere.

"The others are right," said he. "Our Captain is to blame. He has enjoyed his boasting and abuse of every one. Now he must pay for his pleasure."

Had I struck a blow while imbedded in the heart of a dense thicket of Chinese boats it is not pleasant to think what would have happened. My Captain was taken prisoner and held in pawn on the Mandarin's boat, to be released when he had chaffered over the sum to be paid and had obtained the money. The absurdity of the situation and the awful fall of the Captain from his proud position amused me, and I laughed heartily. Instantly my thousands of threatening enemies began to laugh with me. They became my friends and admirers.

I rank a laugh above money in China—far above firearms as a protection; high beyond any power that a white traveler can bring to his aid in an emergency. A light heart, a kindly bearing and a merry spirit will grease a foreigner's way anywhere in China.

A FLIGHT FROM A RAG-TAG ARMY

One day Mr. Weldon and I met a large section of the Chinese Army hurrying to the war with Japan. A Chinese army in motion can be likened to nothing more truly than a flight of locusts. This one went as it pleased, not along any road, but spread out over a wide swath.

When it passed through a city it swarmed over the walls and into the gardens and houses, robbing and despoiling whatever lay in its path, and spreading terror even farther than it spread itself. It was an army in blue cotton, with tawdry banners which were as apt to be trailed downward as to be carried properly. The soldiers had guns, but they also carried sun-umbrellas and worked fans as they dog-trotted along.

We met them in a singularly lonely country which had been devastated in the Taiping Rebellion. In all that desert of ruined and deserted towns and abandoned fields there were few persons but these soldiers, who seemed beyond the control of their officers. Now a "glass boat," such as ours, is always thought to be manned by English hunters, and well fortified with firearms, so that it would naturally remain unmolested even by the rag-tag and bob-tail element which serves China as her Army. But my "boy," on being visited by some officers, went out of his way to say that we were peaceable gentlemen, without any firearms, for on that one occasion we were traveling unarmed.

We soon discovered what this precious fool had said, and the rapid flight we made, with sail and oars and poles all working at once, was as ignominious as the subsequent retreat of that same Army from its Japanese foes. We sped away all night, and I shall always think it was well that we did.

FEEDING THE MULTITUDE ON PUDDING

At another time we ran away "to live to fight another day." We carried many pounds of English candies, hard as bullets, and put up in bottles. These we distributed, a few candies at a time, to the children wherever we went. One day as we sat in the boat's saloon at luncheon with our vessel moored to the shore, a large number of peasants came and squatted on the bank to see us eat. Our knives and forks and glasses and explosive bottles of bubbling soda water interested them immensely.

"Hi! Yah!" they exclaimed; "how strange is everything the foreign devils do!"

It happened that our cook prepared an extra large pudding on that day, a rich preparation of marmalade and meringue, for we lived like nabobs and maintained nine servants upon something like four dollars a day. I rather think it cost less.

I asked Weldon to give me his share of the pudding, and then I went out with the dish and a long spoon and I fed that crowd.

The men wanted the women to try the pudding first, whether out of gallantry or a desire to see whether they would be poisoned I cannot tell. The mothers in their turn motioned for their babies to take the first spoonfuls. Finally they all took their turns, and I literally had to scrape the dish to satisfy them.

The pudding gone, Weldon and I sat out on the deck, and I remember how pleased I was with myself.

Presently Weldon remarked: "Just suppose what would happen if one of those people should chance to have a stomach-ache." I turned that suggestion over in my mind, and the more I thought about it the less I liked it. In fifteen minutes we were in full flight again with all our men straining every muscle to leave that region far behind.

When I think of how I once bought the trousers of a village maiden in China it seems to me that it would be difficult to manage ever to do a more perilous or a more foolish thing. As all Mr. Weldon's pictures were painted in colors, he was obliged to purchase many costumes, and on this occasion he vowed it would be impossible to reproduce the uncommon and exquisite blue of this girl's trousers unless he could have them before him in his studio.

A SUPERSTITION ABOUT PORTRAITS

My boy, at whose laziness I was already vexed, declared that such a thing as purchasing the clothing of a person while it was in actual use was absolutely impossible. To shame him I ordered one of the sailors to make the purchase. He refused, and then it became obligatory upon me to perform the feat myself or lose my standing with my servants. In China one had better abandon his travels than lose his caste or "face," as they say, with his inferiors.

Therefore I set out in a small boat on the Grand Canal and followed the maiden to the home of her father. Before her wondering people I smilingly and yet very earnestly bargained for half of her attire—all in pantomime. My signs were greatly assisted by the ostentatious display of a Mexican dollar.

At last the maiden nodded "Yes," and going indoors for a few minutes, returned with the garment neatly folded. Triumphantly I went back to the boat and assembled my men to witness my success, and to warn them that thereafter they must know that to Americans nothing is impossible.

Only a day later Mr. Weldon paid a dollar to a peasant woman to remain in her waterside garden while he sketched it. Her husband found her thus employed and said to her: "You simpleton, would you sell your life for a dollar? If that man makes a sketch of your face your life becomes his to do with as he likes. At any day when he is gone and is across one of the four seas he may take up your picture and say, 'I wish this woman ill,' or 'I wish this woman to break her leg,' or 'I wish this woman to die a miserable death,' and whatever he wishes will that moment happen to you."

"Hi! Yah!" she screamed, and, flinging the dollar to the artist, scampered indoors.

Editor's Note—This is the ninth paper in Julian Ralph's series on The Making of a Journalist. The series began in the Post of August 19, and will be continued weekly.

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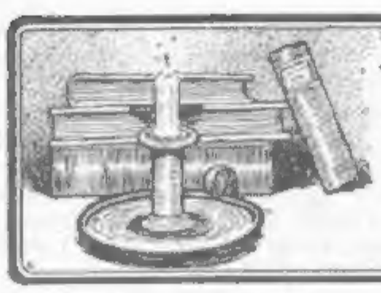

WHAT to READ

M. Rostand's Dainty Comedy *

AFTER the success of Cyrano de Bergerac it was only natural that there should be a demand for Edmond Rostand's earlier plays. His dainty, satiric little comedy in three acts, *Les Romanciers*, has been translated by Miss Mary Hendree, under the rather inadequate title, The Romancers. It is a pity the translation is so bad. The play itself is as fragile a thing as you can imagine—all point lace and silver. The characters are as quaintly artificial as though they had stepped down from a Watteau fan. All is gayety, grace, artifice and poetry.

In M. Rostand's pretty verse the play has quite another air. Miss Hendree's prose translation is often eloquent and usually tells the story well enough. Her main defect as a translator is that she does not know French very well. She is quite blind to the beauty of the idiom. Thus she writes: "She is of such stupidity!" and never dreams of translating *par example* except by "for example." And so her translation is neither English nor French, and reminds one too much of the exercises written by small boys going through the first few pages of Ollendorf.

After all, the translation is not everything. Even in ill-fitting English dress Sylvette is still a charming figure, and Percinet is the eternal lover.

Shall I tell you the story of the play?

It is merely that of Romeo and Juliet—plus common sense and a happy ending. There are two good friends who wish to unite their children in marriage. It would be simple enough were it not for the fact that Sylvette and Percinet—the children—are flagrantly romantic. They cannot love as plain people do. They must have dark troubles and adventures, family feuds, moonlight, sword-play and ambuscades—all the theatrical properties of Romance. And so the two good fathers conspire to make them happy. They pretend to be deadly enemies, quite in the fashion of the Capulet and the Montague. They even arrange that Sylvette shall be abducted by mock bandits; that Percinet shall rush in just in time to rescue her with his brave sword; that there shall be a reconciliation of the most dramatic sort to end with the jangling of the wedding bells.

This is romance, is it not?

You and I, and every man and every maid, have dreamed of a love that should come thus, splendid with adventure and heroism, wonderful in its poetry and aloofness from the humdrum of life.

Had M. Rostand ended his play here—at the first act—he would have written a poem, very sweet, very true: the eternal poem of youth and love. But he was in a satiric vein; he wanted to show that life, after all, is not all kisses and moonlight. And so the lovers come face to face with disillusion. They learn of the trick that has been played upon them. Sylvette finds that she is no white maid out of the old romance; Percinet discovers that he is no hero of the cloak and sword. What then? After all, love is love, and may be quite as sweet in a comfortable villa as in the hut or on the homeless highway. It is the lesson that comes home to every one, man or maid. The ideal that we search for in far-away lands—in vagrom adventures and strange romances—lies oftenest just at our door.

—*Vance Thompson.*

The Story of a Strong Woman †

BLANCHE WILLIS HOWARD (Mme. Von Teufel), who died in Germany not many months ago, left behind her at least one good book unpublished. Dionysius the Weaver's Heart's Dearest, is the story of an Alpine German girl who came to town and found a career.

Socially, it was not a lofty career. She took service in a house where there was an amiable and accomplished French cook, who, noticing that she had natural ability enough to do him credit, taught her his trade, partly out of love of art, partly out of a fatherly affection for her. She learned to be a cook—a great cook—and that calling she followed. So the story is the story of a cook, or rather of a woman who knew how to cook. Very possibly there have been bad women who could learn to cook supremely, but never by a fool nor by a weakling was that noble accomplishment acquired. It takes brains, energy and talent to cook.

Vroni Lindl had all the qualifications. From her father, Dionysius, she inherited an acute mind, and her mother taught her industry. She was neither a bad woman nor a fool, but good, strong, intelligent and honest. Yet she was not wise in all worldly matters, and, for lack of timely supervision and control, a great misfortune befell her that had like to have wrecked her life. It didn't wreck it, because she was too strong and too honest to be ruined, and because she could earn good wages by honest work.

There is evidence in this book that its author was a woman who lived and thought and observed to some purpose, and probably in her day learned some lessons from suffering. The book is strong and sweet and wholesome. The author had decided views about life and conduct and justice, and put them into her story, but she did not let them spoil it. Her characters are not puppets who spout theories. Vroni is a real woman whose individuality is distinct and highly attractive. Her talk is admirable talk. It is the talk of a peasant woman, and the author's success in reproducing in English the manner of speech of Alpine Germans is worth attention. How far she has given the literal English equivalent for the German words this reviewer cannot judge, but, however she accomplished it, the result is an exceedingly crisp and vigorous form of English which grows on the reader as he comes to know it better. Here is a bit from a dialogue between Vroni and her brother:

> "Are not welded?" he asked timidly.
>
> "Nay—thanks and praise ten thousandfold to God."
>
> "And art in a respectable house?"
>
> "As to that I know not, meanings being many a time contrariwise 'twixt me and thee. 'Tis a house with a brave appetite. For that I cook. 'Tis a house with gold in its strong box. Of that I have my dues. More I ask not."

There are few words wasted in such speech as that, and the concentration of it comes to have great charm. Blanche Willis Howard, though her first success, twenty years ago, took her to Germany and circumstance and her preferences kept her there, has been well beloved and admired and read in the country of her birth. It is gratifying to find in this posthumous story a work fully worthy of her, and fit to better her literary fame.

—*E. S. Martin.*

A Directory of the Confederacy

THE Chief of the Record and Pension Office of the War Department, Brigadier-General F. C. Ainsworth, has just given to the book world a work which will make him known in American annals for many decades to come. It is entitled The Executive and Congressional Directory of the Confederate States. It is made up from the official records, and, for the first time, gives in an accurate and dispassionate form the doings of the Southern States and their officials during the Civil conflict. It makes no argument and gives no partisan opinions. It brings out the curious fact that a majority of the Confederate legislators have since served the Government in very high positions and with great distinction. Notable in this list are Honorable J. B. Curry, late Minister to Spain; Senator George G. Vest; Senator J. H. Reagan; Augustus H. Garland, at one time Attorney-General of the United States; Judge Roger A. Pryor; Representative Otho R. Singleton, "Father of the Congressional Library"; Honorable John B. Clarke, at one time clerk of the House of Representatives; Howell Cobb, and Robert Toombs.

* The Romancers. By Edmond Rostand. Translated by Miss Mary Hendree. *Doubleday & McClure Co.*

† Dionysius the Weaver's Heart's Dearest. By Blanche Willis Howard. *Charles Scribner's Sons.*

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POLITICAL FABLES

No. 3—MUGWUMPERY. By AUSTIN BIERBOWER

A MULE on one side of a fence was discontented because he was not on the other side. He finally jumped over, when he was equally discontented because he was not back again. "Which side of the fence do you want to be on?" asked a horse. "It does not matter," replied the mule, "provided I am only on the other side."

FAMOUS JOKES I HAVE MET

The Bride's Biscuit

By TUDOR JENKS

I WAS a little cast down by my failure in the case of the Mother-in-Law, but Fate seemed propitious to me in the second case. On my own responsibility I determined to find the bride who knows the 'ologies, but has never learned to cook.

It happened that I was invited by a suburban resident, newly married, to stay over night with him. He said as he gave the invitation that it would probably be worth an item to me, since he did not afford a servant, and they did all their own work.

"Aha!" I said to myself, "here is my opportunity to secure some genuine Bride's Biscuits"; and I accepted with warmth.

They inhabited a cosy nest, not too far from the station, and I enjoyed my visit. At breakfast on the day of my return my fondest hopes were realized. The Bride entered blushing, partly from acquaintance with the fire at short range and partly from pride. She bore a Sèvres plate on which were some pale but determined biscuits.

"Did you bake these yourself?" I inquired with genuine solicitude.

"Yes," she answered with a nod and an uneasy glance at her husband. But he, having been married but a few happy weeks, was not insensible to the unspoken appeal.

"They remind me," he said in a tone that Ananias would have envied, "of the biscuits mother used to make."

I have tact myself, but in that supreme moment I recognized my master.

None of us ate them—or tried to. Human nature has its limits, and none of us dared try the powers of mere mortals beyond all reason. Each took a biscuit—not for digestion, but as a sign of good faith—and then we talked easily, gayly, carelessly of lighter topics. Some men would have tried to eat one of those immortal creations; but I ignored them. This little thoughtfulness cost me nothing, and I gained a friend.

Just before we left the house I made some incoherent excuse—it matters not what—and rushed into the dining-room. Hastily inverting the plate over my opened satchel, I emptied the biscuits into it, and thus succeeded in carrying them off. It was no light burden I thus assumed; and when I reached the city and a small boy tried to carry my satchel for me, he inquired gaspingly:

"Say, mister, how's business in Leadville?"

Editor's Note—This is the second paper in Tudor Jenks' series, Famous Jokes I Have Met.

Next came the supreme test. I loved life, and had no desire to risk suicide in attempting those biscuits: I had no enemies, and could try them on no one else. I was in a quandary till I saw the advertisement of a county fair in which there were prizes offered for the best embroidery, the fattest hens, the best Jersey-laid crewel screens, the largest pumpkins, and the best bread, pies and biscuits. I hastily noted the address, and, inclosing the entry fee, sent the biscuits by freight (at considerable expense) to the managers of the fair. I marked the box simply: "Baked by Cleopatra; B. C. 35."

In a few days I received a telegram:

"Exhibit 'B. C. 35' takes blue ribbon."

This was a blow. Another cherished ideal joke seemed to have miscarried. Could I be mistaken? Were those biscuits good? For a while I was staggered. I doubted everything. I wondered whether goats ate tin cans and circus posters. I asked myself whether pink lemonade was truly made of lemons; I began to think that church festival oyster stews might have oysters in them, and that strawberries were larger as you went lower in the basket. My brain was feverish.

But at length a letter came. I read it and the world became normal. Here it is:

> "*Dear Sir:* The Committee of Award unanimously unite in their verdict giving the blue ribbon to your exhibit designated 'Cleopatra; B. C. 35.' Like the yacht America, you were first and there was no second. We subjected your samples to every test, and in all they were successful. After being subjected to heavy traffic under loaded trucks, they were pounded with sledges, run through stone-crushers, tried with files and acids, and in every way tested for hardness, durability, and freedom from abrasion.
>
> "In short, they are the best artificial stone paving-blocks we have ever tried, and they well deserve the blue ribbon of preëminence.
>
> "Herewith we inclose certificate, and we beg to inquire how you learned this priceless secret of the ancient Egyptians.
>
> "Very respectfully yours,
>
> "THE COMMITTEE."

It was enough. There was no disputing this award. I had found one beneficiary for the Fund of the American Humorists.

Now one little household is happy. Little do they suspect why a substantial check comes every three months to the cozy suburban home where the Bride of the Biscuits dwells. I dare not tell them the truth. I only say that it is from a few friends who believe in encouraging a worthy couple.

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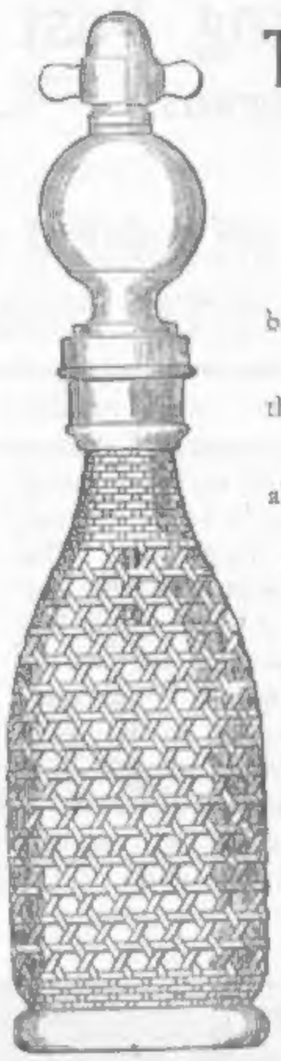

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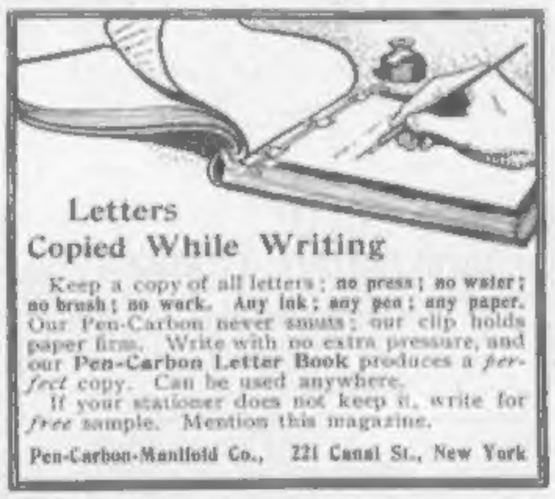

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Ian Maclaren

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From the Lecture Platform

Maarten Maartens

The distinguished Dutch novelist, continuing his series about "Some Women I Have Known," tells the exquisite little story of **Annette de Virollay**

Hamlin Garland

Another sketch of Boy Life on the Prairies describes a Western County Fair, and the races and events in which the young cowboys take part.

At the County Fair

Mary Tracy Earle

Miss Earle's latest story concerns itself with one of those Southern family feuds which have not yet become obsolete.

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William H. Maher

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The full table of contents of The College Man's Number will be given in this column next week

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